WEEK ENDING JAN. 24 1925

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Liberty

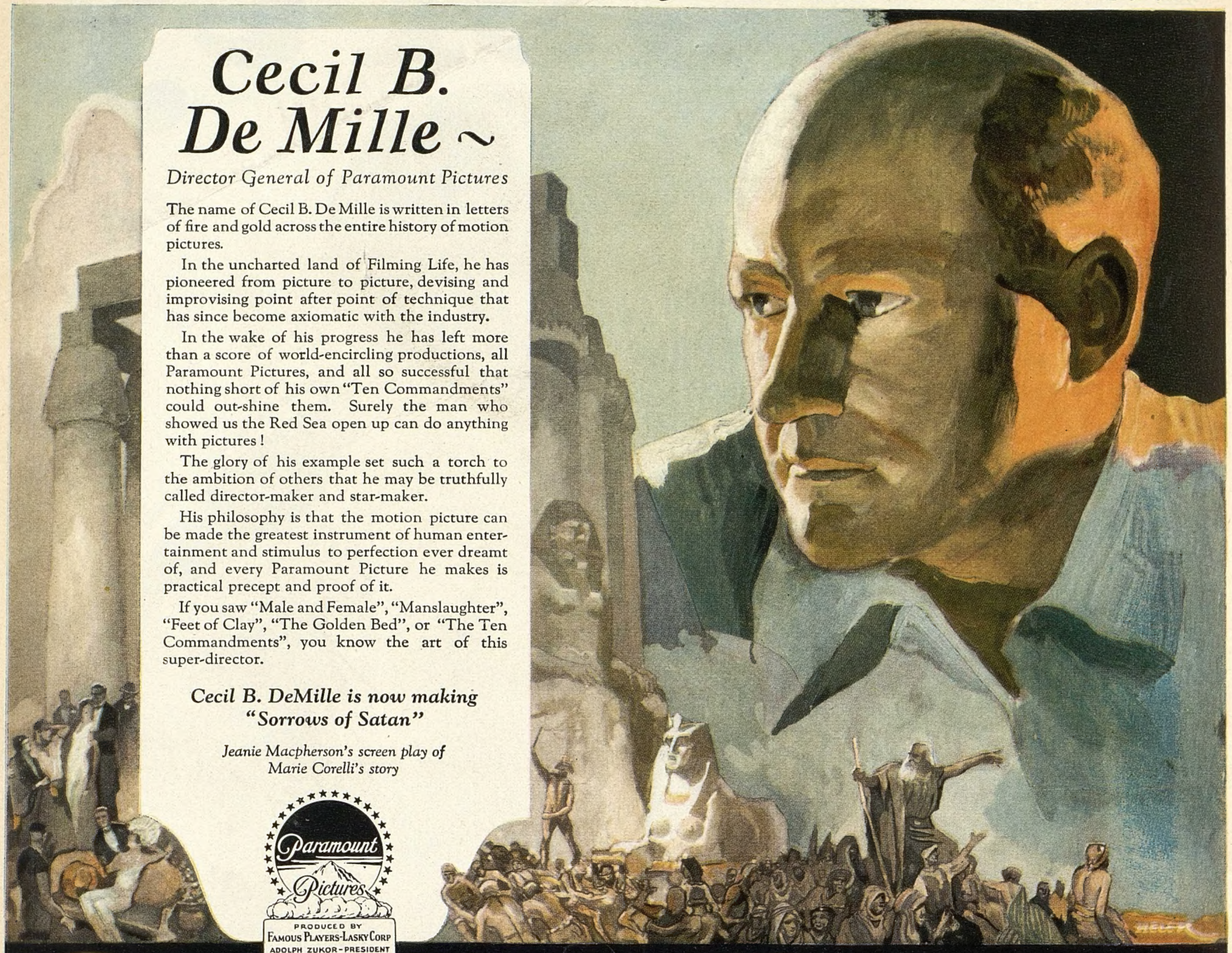
A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue:

The WOODROW WILSON I KNEW — *By* MARY ALLEN HULBERT

"My Lean Years"

Personalities of Paramount



Cecil B. De Mille ~

Director General of Paramount Pictures

The name of Cecil B. De Mille is written in letters of fire and gold across the entire history of motion pictures.

In the uncharted land of Filming Life, he has pioneered from picture to picture, devising and improvising point after point of technique that has since become axiomatic with the industry.

In the wake of his progress he has left more than a score of world-encircling productions, all Paramount Pictures, and all so successful that nothing short of his own "Ten Commandments" could out-shine them. Surely the man who showed us the Red Sea open up can do anything with pictures!

The glory of his example set such a torch to the ambition of others that he may be truthfully called director-maker and star-maker.

His philosophy is that the motion picture can be made the greatest instrument of human entertainment and stimulus to perfection ever dreamt of, and every Paramount Picture he makes is practical precept and proof of it.

If you saw "Male and Female", "Manslaughter", "Feet of Clay", "The Golden Bed", or "The Ten Commandments", you know the art of this super-director.

Cecil B. DeMille is now making "Sorrows of Satan"

Jeanie Macpherson's screen play of Marie Corelli's story

Paramount Pictures

PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

SETTING THE GENIUS OF THE SCREEN

Many kinds of talent go to the making of great photoplays. Like a precious stone, motion picture genius requires setting, and to do this, guarantees and money and organization must be forthcoming from somewhere *in advance of the creation of any real values whatsoever.*

In the past the Great Aristocrat was the patron of art and within the portals of his palace a place was made for the artist.

Today, Business Organization is the Patron, holding the sacred trust in fee for all the millions of people who seek the spirit of that intenser life called art at the motion picture theatre.

And Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is proud to realize that there are millions who demand to know nothing more about a picture before they go than that its name is Paramount.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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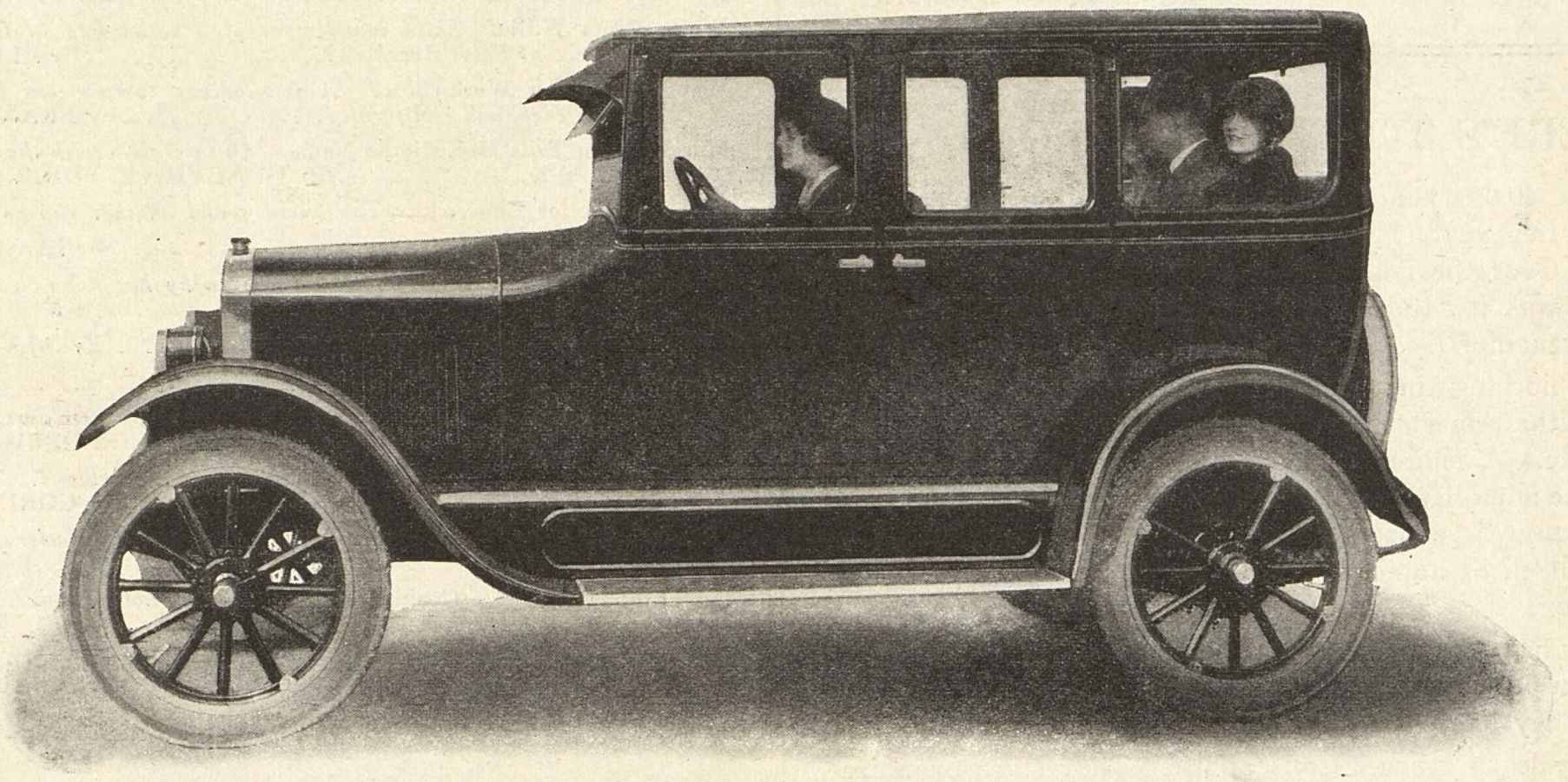

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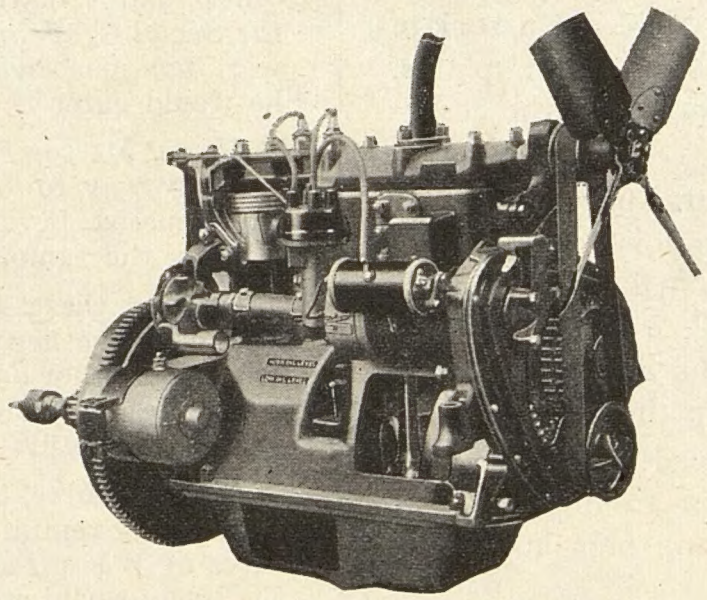

Cut-away view of the new Million Dollar Motor of the Star Car, on view at the National Shows.

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JAN. 24, 1925

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HERE'S TO THE COLLEGES

There are 40,000 youths graduated from American colleges each year. Fifty years ago the valedictorian of the class used to declaim, "Over the Alps lies Italy." That is now truer for them than it was for the miracle of Hannibal's elephants or of Napoleon's grenadiers.

There is nothing in other countries which has any resemblance to the American college. Take it big or little it has no social caste. A man is a man. It has discipline. There is more discipline administered to freshmen by upper class men than can be found anywhere else in the democracy, but it is based on a fundamental need of adolescence. It breaks the new boys into an organization.

They may have to wear green hats or keep off the grass or not smoke pipes in public or they may touch their hat brims to upper class men. They learn the first lesson, discipline.

Then they learn other lessons of life. They learn organization. Their vitality is quickened. Loyality is paramount. Under a cheer master they shriek it at a football game.

They learn that there is an equality of opportunity. They want the advantageous things of life. They are determined to get them.

At graduation each college opens a sluice gate and out rushes a flood of vitality, eagerness, and vigor, stepping high and wide, trained in competition and in a fundamentally honest fashion recognizing that success comes with hitting the line hard.

These boys know that they may have anything in life by working for it. Business does not now turn a glassy eye on the college graduate. It did years ago because it could not associate the reading of Horace with the making or selling of steel plates. That idea is gone. Business is fed year by year from the reservoir of college vitality.

Probably education is at its best for general purposes when it is fitting men for their environment. An Iroquois youth needed to know certain things. They were not what an English clergyman needed to know, but the Iroquois of 1500 A. D. would have been better off in the English Midlands, around about Warwick, than an Oxford clerk in the Mohawk Valley in the same year.

General education succeeds as it fits a breed to the realities of its environment, with a touch of ambition to improve and advance it. If college education produces many men and some scholars it has served American life.

The average college graduate in the United States has been prepared for the life of the average high-grade citizen of the country. He comes out eminently fitted to gain ground. The life in the colleges is robust. In its games and activities it has energy which is organized, put into competition and developed in sports. That energy and vitality come out of the colleges and into the world at high tide. Each year it is a renewal of adult life from the source of most vigorous young manhood keen for the competition of the world, eager for success and its benefits.

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Cover Design by W. B. Humphrey.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Four Hundred Dancing Men

AND only one hundred girls to dance with! Invitation lists are made up that way now in New York. They have to be. It is one of the oddities of the modern way of doing things. *Walter Davenport* writes divertingly of it next week—and of some other quaint matters—in *Tips on Making the Social Grade*, an exposition of the inner workings of society as one must know it if he would enter the sacred portals.

Arnold Schroeder Photo.
WALTER DAVENPORT

Marry Me for Five Years! That may be a funny way to "pop the question," but it is discussed in all seriousness by *W. L. George*, the famous British novelist.

Besides these two informative articles we'll have another peek into *Trub's Diary*, wherein *John Taintor Foote* tells the further adventures of the lovable pup, and the beginning of a new series of stories about the chivalrous Anthony Wayne, by *Clifford Raymond*, the first bearing the alluring title, *The Flight from Eden.*

And, of course, there is another installment of *Mary Allen Hulbert's* fascinating reminiscences of Woodrow Wilson, and more of the adventures of *White Pants Willie* in dazzling Palm Beach, as narrated in the lively serial story by *Elmer Davis.*

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The Success Sextette

By HUGH FULLERTON

An Arabian Nights Tale of Poor Lads and Fabulous Riches, Against a Background of Modern City Business; How Six Boys Started with Nothing and Climbed Together Until Today They All but Dominate Chicago

FIRST ARTICLE

THIS is one of the most amazing stories in American business history. It is the story of six poor lads, caught in the whirling business of a city in the making, drawing closer and closer together, centering about the one who was the poorest of their number, eventually composing one of the greatest financial groups in the country.

The boys (for they are still boys) are John Hertz, William Wrigley Jr., John R. Thompson, Albert Lasker, Charles A. McCulloch, and John A. Ritchie: two Americans of British mixture, two Scots, and two Jews. They have most of the money in Chicago that Samuel Insull and Julius Rosenwald haven't got. Their total income must be close to $25,000,000 a year, and the one with the largest income reports more than $10,000,000.

Consider them twenty, twenty-five, thirty years ago. Thompson, the oldest, a farm boy, was struggling to start a little restaurant. Wrigley was selling newspapers, then soap, next making chewing gum, giving away a stick of gum with each cake of soap.

Hertz and McCulloch were hustling in Newsboys' Alley, back of the Chicago *Daily News* office, for the papers they cried on the streets. Lasker was dreaming in Texas of going to Chicago to sell advertising, while Ritchie was selling newspapers on the streets of Freeport, Illinois.

© Chicago Aerial Survey Co.

Where one of the "success sextette" showed pioneering spirit in Chicago—the Wrigley Building (left foreground), which led the way when a new bridge and driveway made a former factory and warehouse district available for offices, shops, and hotels.

Today Hertz is center of the group, which has become an inter-alliance of fortunes centering about motor transportation in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. While Hertz is president of the Yellow Cab Company in Chicago, he has no interest in any other of the 1,300 yellow cab operating companies in the United States, beyond selling cabs to them. He is chairman of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company, the Yellow Coach Manufacturing Company, the Chicago Motor Coach Company, and is chairman of the board of the Omnibus Corporation, which controls the Fifth Avenue Coach Company in New York City. He is the largest manufacturer of taxicabs and motor coaches in the world. As a side issue he is a controlling factor in Balaban & Katz, owning many big movie houses, and is interested in a number of banks and a score of other concerns.

Thompson's little restaurant has grown to a string of one hundred and fifty restaurants in more than sixty cities.

Ritchie is the head of the operation of motor coaches in Chicago, New York, and St. Louis.

Wrigley, besides the chewing gum corporation which he controls, owns the Chicago National League Baseball club, Catalina Island, off Los Angeles, California, and is an officer of banks, railroads and other public service companies.

McCulloch controls the Parmelee Company of Chicago, the greatest transfer company in the country.

Lasker owns the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency, Van Camp's Catsup, Pepsodent—what more he alone knows.

And all, drawn together around Hertz, form the body of men who, believing that automotive power is the coming power for passenger transportation, are associated in taxicab and motor coach building and operation.

These six boys, starting with nothing, have, within the last twelve years, assumed the commanding position in Chicago's business and civic life that Armour, Palmer, Pullman,

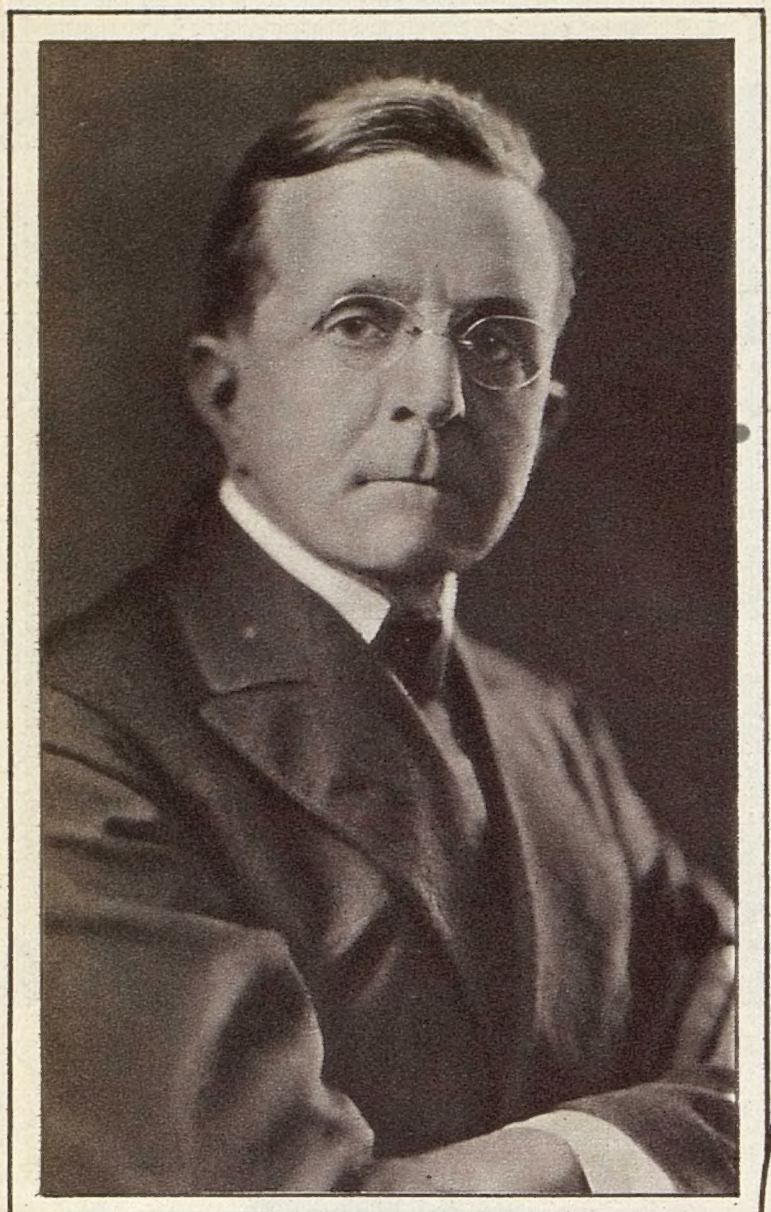
John Hertz, whose "Yellow cabs" are famous the nation over. Every member of the sextette is interested in the Hertz enterprises.

MANY men who get rich often get the idea they are especially endowed by God with powers above those of other people. They think God has picked them out as unusual, and that they are, somehow, superior to others. It is not true. Money may come to any man through accident or hard work. Responsibility drives him on. Imagination, hard work, and ignorance are the reasons for success. When you are young you are too ignorant to realize the chances you take, too enthusiastic to see and too ignorant to know the risk. You take a chance; enthusiasm and responsibility drive you on—accident turns the tide, and lo! you are rich.—JOHN HERTZ.

Field, Cudahy, Yerkes, Gates, and Drake held in the earlier growth of the city.

There is near tragedy for me in writing of these men. Most of them I have known in the days when they were starting their business careers. I had the same or better chances. But the regret is not on that account but because of three others who, starting with them, were on their way to as great things. One, Joe Ryan, with the control of the infant moving picture industry of the Central West almost

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



John R. Thompson, restaurant king and financial associate of the others.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

in his grasp, died. The two others, brilliant, charming — could not stand prosperity — and they fell.

The six others have stood the test. Prosperity has left them unspoiled. Money has made them serious, but has not changed them save to bow them under the weight of responsibility and to make them determined to be of service to the city and country which gave them their wealth.

THIS story should be read by every boy in America, especially by those who labor under the false impression that the day of opportunity, the day when the poor boy may become rich and powerful, is past. The story centers around Hertz, because he was the poorest of them all, with the least education, the smallest opportunity, and now heads the group. While each of the others has his own business —all are interested with Hertz in cabs and motor busses.

It is fitting, too, that I should be the unofficial historian of these men. Hertz was office boy in the newspaper office in which I worked after he was graduated from the Alley. Charles (Fatty) McCulloch I often saw racing with papers through throngs of kids. I used to be able to get credit for coffee and "sinkers" at Thompson's until pay day. They are my friends now, and I do not envy them, even though, sometimes, I kick myself around blocks while their cabs and busses flash past, because I could neither see nor hear the opportunities that were knocking.

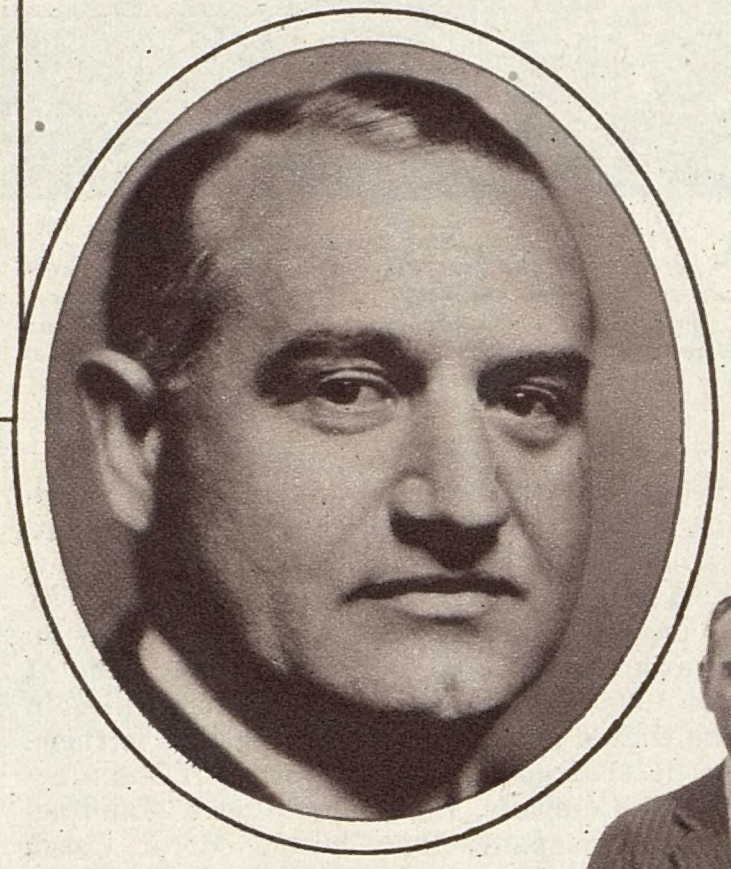
Hertz was a tall, spindling, weakly looking boy. Born far up in the mountains of Austria, six hours by train from Budapest, he came to America before he was six years old. Life was a serious matter with him. There was a family to be fed, and Chicago—just after the World's Fair—was in a slump.

Hertz was about eight years old when he first appeared in Newsboys' Alley. He had big eyes, a wistful face, and the one thing which won him a place among that swarm of hustling, fighting, scrambling men and boys was his love of horses. He was attending school, but making money was more important, and each day he scrambled in the alley, got his papers, and raced to sell them.

Miller, whose horses drew the *Daily News* delivery wagons, noticed the wistful boy who stroked the horses' necks, talked to them, occasionally fed them apple cores, and who begged the drivers to let him ride on the wagons.

Being weakly, Hertz had little fighting to do. He learned the language without difficulty, the language of the alley. He struggled through the fifth grade at school and in the sixth he ran away and never went to school again.

Miller was his friend after he discovered



J. A. Ritchie, guiding genius of the motor coach operations of Hertz and his associates.

that the gangling Jewish boy loved horses. Hertz had found a job upstairs as copy boy in the *News* office working for "Pop" Fay, the managing editor. The work of a copy boy in those days was not as it is now.

Then we reporters (opulent with our twenty-dollar-a-week jobs) went on "stories" and took boys with us to run to the office at top speed, carrying sheets of copy as fast as we wrote them. Hertz soon held records running to the office from the City Hall, from the jail, and from the courts, and none of the prominent men he butted and jostled in his races realized he was being bumped by the fellow who would furnish Chicago with its future taxicab and motor coach service.

He grew leaner and more sickly looking, but there were two things that did not change in him—his grin and his determination to hold a job. At every job he had he worked so hard that he became indispensable. The paper went to press with its last edition at 1:50 in the afternoon. Hertz, running copy to that time, would tear down the back stairs, leap on a delivery wagon to be with his beloved horses, and worked delivering the papers.

An accident changed his career. He was carrying copy to the composing room when for some reason a man cursed and abused him. "Pop" Fay heard it. He turned upon Hertz's abuser and rebuked him savagely. Then he noticed Hertz, trembling with suppressed anger, and scolded him. He told him he was unfit to work, that he was sick and should not be risking his life by hard work. Fay questioned the boy, and sent him to his own doctor. The doctor reported that Hertz was threatened with tuberculosis and should work outdoors. He said Hertz ought to go West and live in the open. He recommended exercise.

Hertz had saved ten dollars. He went to Harry Gilmore's gymnasium and paid him the ten dollars to teach him to exercise. With his usual keenness he decided that boxing exercise was the best investment. He would get strong, and while doing it would learn boxing and perhaps beat some of the fellows who had abused and cursed him.

Six months later Hertz was boxing in amateur tournaments. Stringy, light, tall, and with some natural ability, Hertz could beat boys of his own weight. He was planning to turn fighter. He had chosen a good Irish name and boxed. A wallop on the chin decided him against boxing as a career. There was good money in being a champion, but none in being a dub. Hertz decided he couldn't be champion —so he quit as a fighter, refusing to be a dub. When "Pop" Fay heard that the boy was fighting he fired him —the first and only time Hertz ever was discharged.

Paul Thompson Photo.

Albert Lasker, owner of a huge advertising agency and many businesses—one of the sextette.

DURING these times John Ritchie was peddling newspapers in Freeport, Illinois, going to school meantime. On the side he got himself a job as office boy with the Stover Manufacturing Company, rose to be storekeeper, and finally went into the nickel plating business. There are still stoves around Freeport which Ritchie nickel plated and polished—and which bear witness that he did it well.

His ambition was to be a railroad man. He dropped nickel plating and got a job trucking in the Illinois Central freight house, became warehouse foreman, and, taking a night course in stenography, became secretary to the agent, day bill clerk, and cashier at Freeport, night agent, and was transferred to the division accounts. When the Illinois Central opened the Fort Dodge and Omaha line Ritchie was made chief clerk to the superintendent, and while there began to specialize in train building and terminal operation.

He had vision. He saw

some of the future of the transportation problems.

The other three of this successful sextette had reached Chicago at various times, from widely separated points, and entered into widely different lines.

John R. Thompson spent his early days on a farm near Danville, Illinois. Like so many others Chicago had attracted him because of the World's Fair. He had worked as a farm boy, and had spent two years at a Normal school. Then he started a little restaurant and grocery in Fithian, Illinois. Small, quiet, rather nervous looking, he was wiry and strong, and he could think.

He went to Chicago in 1891 and there ate his first meal in a restaurant. The coffee was bad. Thompson drank as much of it as he could and then and there vowed he would give Chicago some good coffee. If Chicago folks would pay for that kind of coffee Thompson felt there was a fortune for any man who would give them real good coffee.

The longing of a farm boy for the food and coffee of home steered Thompson in the right direction. He believed there were tens of thousands of persons in Chicago who would buy home cooking and good coffee. He started a restaurant with his small capital. He made the coffee himself to make certain it would be good—and it was.

"Bill" Wrigley reached Chicago the same year Thompson did. Big, quiet, thoughtful, and kindly, the bustling and hustling life of the city as it was then rather overawed him (if anything ever did overawe him). He had been in business with his father in Philadelphia after a hectic boyhood. He intended to make a start for himself in the new city and to be settled and ready for the World's Fair. He started making chewing gum in a little factory of his own, besides selling soap manufactured by his father.

WRIGLEY was a born salesman and so full of life he could not stand still. He had run away from his home in Philadelphia when he was eleven—the oldest of nine children. His schooling thereafter he took on the fly. He went to New York, sold newspapers, ran errands, carried bundles, slept on the warm gratings alongside the World Building, and lived a regular Oliver Optic life. He got a job on a schooner sailing for Bath, Maine, and worked re-rigging her. He peeled potatoes on another schooner—and in the fall, when he was eleven, he went back home.

You wouldn't imagine seeing the dignified, quiet, easy going Bill Wrigley, whose income is, with one exception, said to be the largest in Chicago, that he had the Charlie Chaplin complex as a boy. But he did. He got dismissed from school in the eighth grade for smashing a custard pie against the school house. His father put him to work "stirring," the hardest job in the soap factory. It was what he needed. He developed tremendous strength and powerful shoulders and arms.

When he was thirteen he persuaded his father to let him go on the road as a soap salesman. He sold soap, wholesale and retail. When the wholesalers didn't buy at once he sold a cake at a time and threw in a stick of chewing gum. As a side line he carried silver plated stuff for another concern, and it proved a disastrous venture. The plating wore off, the handles fell off. Wrigley refused to be stopped. He arranged with a chewing gum firm to give gum as a premium with his soap.

Wrigley had confidence in himself; also persistence. He stuck to selling, which was his forte. He was nineteen when he and a chum decided to follow Horace Greeley's advice. They started for the West. Nearing Kansas City Wrigley's hat blew out of the window, and with it went the railroad tickets. They reached Kansas City with sixty-five cents and considerable hunger. Wrigley paid ten cents for a cheesecloth cap and they started hunting work. A cheap restaurant advertised for waiters.

"I'd rather starve than work in a dump like that," said Wrigley's chum.

"I wouldn't," said Wrigley, and tackled the job.

He made good as a waiter, dishwasher, and potato peeler, having had experience while trying to be a sailor. But the restaurant man refused to pay except in food. There was a customer in the restaurant who had a case full of rubber stamps and a case of discouragement. He offered to sell Wrigley the outfit for ten dollars. Wrigley hadn't a cent, but he made the

Russell Photo.

Charles A. McCulloch, who controls the Parmelee Company, one of the greatest baggage transfer companies in the country.

deal, agreeing to pay ten cents for each stamp sold. He discovered that a reputation for honesty was a great asset.

He took the case and sold it out clean, made about three hundred dollars, bought a Wild West cowboy outfit, and went back to Philadelphia in triumph. He resumed selling scouring soap for ten dollars a week. But in 1891 the talk of the World's Fair in Chicago attracted him. He wanted to get in on the ground floor, and, with thirty-two dollars as capital, he started for Chicago.

"FATTY" McCULLOCH, meantime, had deserted Newsboys' Alley. That plump, hustling fellow, with his round, almost baby face, fooled folks, especially those who mistook that pleasant face for an indication that he was "easy." He achieved quite a reputation by walloping some big bullies.

He went from the alley to be the city circulator of the *Mail and Journal*. He knew Chicago better than almost anyone else in the city. After leaving that paper he took over part of the wagon delivery of the *Post* and *Journal* at night and the *Tribune* and *Record-Herald* in the morning—which meant that he worked, and worked hard, about sixteen hours daily.

The newspapers finally decided to do their

Moffett Photo.

William Wrigley, Jr., chewing gum manufacturer, baseball magnate, and a power in many banks and businesses.

own circulating and McCulloch went to the *Evening Post* as circulation manager. Then the publisher of the *Post* and a group of bankers took over the Parmelee Company, which is the largest baggage and transfer company in the world. The business was rapidly outgrowing the old management and in 1901 it became evident someone was needed who understood rapid handling of shipments, understood horses, knew Chicago, and could manage men, and they chose McCulloch.

He kept that position until 1918 when he organized a group of friends and took over the company. He was chosen president, changed the entire system, established a wonderful merit plan for employés. He and John R. Thompson had met early. Fifteen years ago McCulloch had become treasurer of the Thompson Restaurant Company.

The press of business was drawing the group together.

While these five boys were developing individually and fighting for a foothold there was a plump little fellow hustling around Galveston, Texas, whose name was Al Lasker. Born in Freiburg, Germany, in 1880, he had been brought to America as an infant and reached Galveston. Quick to learn, studious, energetic, he spent two years in high school, then picked upon advertising as his forte. Galveston, after the flood disaster, was not his field, he decided, and as a raw, untrained, hustling youth he landed in Chicago—unknown, and with a few dollars in his pocket.

These were the sextette, fighting for and gaining a foothold in their own business, reaching out to help each other, and becoming more closely associated as they gained firmer grips on the businesses of the great city.

The second installment of this absorbing story of American business success will appear in an early issue.

NOT *in the* Scenario

By
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Pictures by WILLIAM A. HOTTINGER

A Short Story of Love and Breath-Taking Adventure in Old Italy, with an American Movie Actress as Its Heroine

In a twinkling Mika da Kell' sat astride the coping and then dropped from sight.

JOE SUPPERCHI, being a third generation New York Italian, was as thoroughly American as anyone in the metropolis; he spoke fluent Broadway, with no trace of Piedmont to his tongue, so that when for purposes not disassociated from cauliflower ears and six round preliminary bouts he took the name of Mike Kelly, he, as the saying goes, got away with it in many quarters.

If Mike's fists had been as able as his grammar he might have figured in the record books, but two public appearances completed his pugilistic phase—whereupon he took to art.

Though he weighed but a hundred and thirty pounds, Mike was good at carrying things from one place to another, and so the motion picture industry welcomed him as a pack animal. Within two years Mike had risen to the position of third assistant property man.

Then the company of which he was one of the pillars determined to do big things in a big way and to make a tremendous, spectacular super-film of the days of Savonarola and of the Medici—not in the studio, not in Hollywood, not on Long Island, but veritably upon the scene itself—namely: in Firenze, as inhabitants of Italy call their city of Florence.

Here Mike made a great decision and a renunciation. Afraid lest he should be left behind in this hour, he confessed his Latin origin, abjured the Irish, admitted that the Italian language was the one habitually spoken over his home dinner table, and thus ceased in a night to be Mike Kelly and was known forever after as Mika da Kell'. As the premier property man so aptly said, "A boy that kin patter wop'll come in handy," and so Mike became a part of the all-star cast.

In a week Mike knew more about the actual life of Florence, its physical content, and what to do with one's evenings than many a citizen born within walking distance of the Bargello. His forte was discovering restaurants and dishes; therefore it was inevitable he should sooner or later come upon La Buca.

When the other members of the company discovered this knack of Mike's they made use of him more or less as guide and courier, and more especially was this true of Francine Dawn, the fragile blonde star. In fact, she preëmpted him to such a degree that he ceased altogether to function as property man and became her personal attendant in her hours of leisure.

Now for many men this would have been a gorgeous opportunity, but not for Mike, because Mike was in love, and so very deeply in love that he was wholly oblivious to the painstakingly displayed charms of Miss Dawn. There were several young women in the cast and it was upon one of these Mike's affections had fallen warmly.

There were two major differences between Miss Dawn and Miss O'Day. The first of these was a matter of seventy-nine hundred

dollars a week in salary; the second was that Miss O'Day was as sweet and brave and lovely as she looked.

Miss O'Day was paid a hundred dollars a week to play inconspicuous, mistreated sister parts, and she got this only while she was working, which was possibly twenty weeks out of the year, and she was rather put to it to bring both ends together snugly without accepting too many favors at the hands of predatory men.

Her Mika da Kell' worshiped with all the fervor of his Latin soul—at a distance, as though she had been one of the younger and better favored saints in a painting in the Santa Croce church.

The rather astounding affair which wrapped itself about Miss Dawn and Mike and Miss O'Day—and a young gentleman who made his first appearance in a uniform and a wonderful cape tilted up by a sword—had its commencement in La Buca, where anything may happen, and is encouraged to happen by the Brothers Molossi, who are its proprietors.

La Buca, if you do not know it, means The Hole; it is in the vaulted cellars of an ancient *palazzo* and has its entrance from an alley.

There is one rule of the establishment, and this must be observed: You must be willing to amuse or willing to be amused. It is no place for dour faces or for exclusiveness. Once there you become a part of the establishment, and if you want to entertain the company by carving grotesque faces out of raw potatoes, all will gather about your table and enter into the spirit of the thing with zest and in a spirit of encouragement.

Tom Hanlon, the renowned director in charge of the picture, heard of the place from Mike and at once commissioned him to arrange for a dinner there. Mike did so with gusto, reserving the big table in the corner of the inner vault next which, in the archway, the musicians always stationed themselves. There were to be nine at table, of whom Mike was ninth by virtue of his ability to speak the lingo and to see that all was provided as it should be. Miss Dawn was, of course, the *pièce de résistance;* Miss O'Day was sedately and rather obscurely there.

WHEN the party was seated it stared about the room, at the flaring *spumanti* posters affixed to the vaulted ceiling, at the rough floor, the plain chairs and tables, and the heterogeneous patrons. Anyone seemed to be welcome from any walk of life, and there was no disposition anywhere to keep private a *bon mot* uttered at any table.

Diagonally from the position of the Americans sat four officers of the Italian army. One of them, Mike noted, wore under his tunic the black shirt of the Fascisti, its collar visible—and he, splendid as were the others, was as apparent as a goldpiece in a lead mine.

Miss Dawn noted him at once, and her eyes narrowed covetously. He would do finely to add to the necklace of her other masculine jimcracks, and there might be a publicity item in it.

"What is he?" she demanded of Mike.

"One of dem captains or lieutenants or generals or somethin'," Mike said comprehensively. "Grand, ain't he?"

But just then Miss Dawn was not listening; her eyes had encountered the young captain's and dropped with virginal demureness. Also she was nearly choking herself in the effort to blush. But the captain's eyes wandered on from Miss Dawn to Mike, to Hanlon, and then came to rest upon Miss O'Day, and there they remained. If Mike had been aware of this the hair at the back of his neck would have stiffened.

The musicians plunged with abandon into that air which has become the Marseillaise of Italy. La Buca arose to its feet and stood, right arms extended, in the Fascisti salute.

It was now that Miss O'Day looked at the young captain with interest for the first time, for his face was rapt, his eyes shining. He might, she thought, have been as he stood there the high conception of some sculptor for a masterpiece in bronze to teach the world the meaning of love of the fatherland.

The atmosphere of La Buca was not one of stringent propriety. Diners wholly unacquainted with each other when they took their seats might be found eating their second courses together; and for conversations to spring up between extremities of the room was the rule rather than a thing to be commented upon.

But here was a situation somewhat out of

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"There's just one way to discover," she said with a twinkle, "and that is to observe how I behave toward you."

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the ordinary to the way of thinking of this young Italian. Americans were involved, and not only Americans but that strange genus of America—the cinema actress. Therefore he temporized and studied the party. With the sure eye of his caste he perceived that Mika da Kell' was one who might be approached in a convenient season. Mike patently was Italian and peasant—but what the youthful captain did not take into account was that Mike was third generation American.

Presently Mike went upon some errand to the proprietors and the captain followed discreetly. The errand was speedily completed—and then Mike found himself face to face with a beautiful uniform and a long, carefully polished scabbard containing a sword. Mike was impressed.

"You," said the captain, "are the guide of the party of Americans."

MIKE explained elaborately that he was no guide but a property man, which left the officer under the impression that Mike was declaring himself to be a man of property, doubtless the owner of some small farm or vineyard.

"I do not know the customs of your country, and most especially I am ignorant of the customs of your people of the theater. The beautiful one is an actress of the cinema?"

Naturally Mike supposed the "beautiful one" to mean none other than the much advertised Miss Dawn. Mike was content to let Miss Dawn protect herself, having the idea that she was redundantly able to do so. Therefore he replied affably that it was so; she was undoubtedly a movie actress.

"And would it give offense," asked the young man, "if—if I presented my card and asked to drink a glass of *chianti* with one so celebrated?"

Mike considered, and believed it would not. Whereupon he found a card and fifty *lira* in his hand, and, upon reading the former, discovered it to introduce Conte Maso da Uzzano. Mike felt that he was in luck; in short, that he was about to make a hit with Miss Dawn—a thing which could not be without profit.

"Speak English?" he asked.

"Oh, so leetle," said Count Maso with a gesture.

"Little's enough. Jest hold your feet in your hand a minute while I deal this card." And with that Mike went off with the pasteboard.

"Say, folks," he announced generally to the table, "the's a wop count back here's fell for Miss Dawn. Here's his monicker, and give a look to the crown printed over it. He's pantin' to start. Shall I touch him off?"

"Let me see," said Miss Dawn. She smiled. Just what the pointed crown on the *carte de visite* signified she did not know, but it had something to do with nobility, and that was enough.

"You may introduce him, Mike," she said in her most winsome manner.

In a moment Mike returned with the quarry, and, in his best Second Avenue manner, made presentation.

"Count," said Mike, "mitt me friends. Readin' from left to right——" And so he named their names while Miss Dawn made room beside her for this indubitable acquisition.

Miss Dawn did not perceive the shadow of disappointment upon Count Maso's face nor the slight tremulousness which disappeared from Miss O'Day's lip before it could be detected. . . . So even this wonderful young man with the face of an enthusiast could become infatuated with their tinsel star!

And as for Count Maso, he wondered how it had happened, and why this particular girl who appropriated him seemed to rule the group as if by divine right. He glanced at Miss O'Day deprecatingly—which was of no sort of benefit whatever.

Mika da Kell' obliged with a buck and wing dance, and earned vociferous applause. Members of the company were standing to encourage their entrant in the evening's program and the count seized the opportunity to insinnate himself into a vacant chair next Miss O'Day.

Miss O'Day turned away her head.

"It was to spika wif you that I send my card," said the count. "Oh, yes, mos' especially you. But they maka me ta seet there. Now I am move by your side and I am please. I am mooch glad." His fine black eyes asked some question of her brown ones, but the time was not yet when he might hope to read an answer.

"I am afraid you are a maker of pretty speeches," said Miss O'Day.

"No. It is not so. I am spika the truff only. From the nex' table I see you and I looka at you. Yes. After this I meet weeth theesa man and I say to him how shall I meet weeth you, and I describe you so he weel know. I say the beautiful one. Then I am make to seet there."

"But it is Miss Dawn who is beautiful. All the world knows her picture." Miss O'Day shook her head disapprovingly. "I fear your taste is not good."

"But you are more beautiful as she. I say it. And now are we acquaint' after the way in America? Is it so? And then how?"

"How what?" asked Miss O'Day, and cryptic as that question must have sounded to foreign ears, the count comprehended.

"How do we maka us to be *more* acquaint'?"

Miss O'Day smiled. She liked this young man. Also she was some thousands of miles from home and lonesome. What harm could come of it? Yet Miss O'Day was accustomed to conventions and to doing what she did in a manner our grandmothers would have called nice. She hesitated and transferred the burden to the count's shoulders.

"If you wish to know me," she said, "it would seem to be your task to find the way."

"But shall I be welcome? Shall you like for have me to be your friend?"

"There's just one way to discover," she said with a twinkle, "and that is to observe how I behave toward you."

II.

COUNT MASO possessed both good manners and good judgment; so, upon this first meeting he contented himself with having made the acquaintance of the Americans, and particularly of *the* American. He arose, and though they implored him to stay, and Miss Dawn wasted a good many hundreds of dollars' worth of seductive looks upon him, the count bade them good evening in a manner which would have been excessive in New York but was charming in Florence, and took his departure.

"I wonder," said Miss Dawn the instant he was out of earshot, "if he's a real count. He does look like the real thing, doesn't he? And weren't his manners lovely!" She turned to her leading man. "You ought to study him. . . . Wouldn't I like to play with him!"

"Possibly," said her director ironically, "we can sign him up——"

"Do try!" exclaimed Miss Dawn. "Imagine the press notices: 'Miss Dawn supported by a real count'—if he is real."

"Mrs. Jack would know," said the director; and this was true. Mrs. Jack knew everything and everybody—if they were worth knowing.

At the moment Mrs. Jack was amusing herself with the motion pictures, and why not? Somebody had dumped a company down in what was practically her front yard, so why should she not amuse herself with it? She had even gone so far as to appear as an extra. And so, next day, she was appealed to.

"We met a young man last night," said Miss Dawn, "who claimed to be a count—or a *conte*, if that's the same thing."

"It is," said Mrs. Jack. "Claimed? What do you mean claimed?"

"It was printed on his card—with a crown over it."

"Then likely he was a real count. Did he have a name?"

"Maso da Uzzano."

"Oh, Maso. . . . Um. . . . . He's real. Very real. Why, away back about 1417 one of his ancestors was associated with a Strozzi in the joint rule of Florence. That was before the Medici poked their heads above the surface. And he's got something most of the nobility haven't since the war, and that's money."

"Oooh!" exclaimed Miss Dawn. Miss O'Day, who was listening with all her ears, did not say anything. She had needed none to tell her Da Uzzano was real. As a matter of fact, she didn't care whether he was real.

"But listen, children," said Mrs. Jack. "Young men on the continent are not young men in America—or perhaps they are, only they are more skillful about it. I doubt if Maso turns up with a label on his chest, 'Object Matrimony.'"

"My first childish enthusiasm for marriage is gone," said Miss Dawn, whose score of only two divorces was nothing at all to boast about in home circles, "but he looks like a nice playmate."

"Well," said Mrs. Jack with hopeful resignation, "if you get a blister on your finger remember I warned you the stove was hot."

BUT Miss Dawn, no matter how hard she tried, was not destined to get near enough to scorch. From the beginning Count Maso made obvious his predilection for Miss Mary O'Day. He was almost as constantly in attendance upon the making of that picture as a piece of scenery, and much more decorative. The company liked him and gradually learned all about him through Mrs. Jack and the gossip of the town which came to Mika da Kell'.

He was, it seemed, in addition to being a pillar of the aristocracy and an officer in the army and a man of wealth—a mainstay in Florence of the Fascisti. He was an orator and an organizer. With the opposing parties he was of an exceedingly great unpopularity, especially at their election time.

It was at about this time that Mrs. Jack again took a hand. This good woman was not the sort who could take her romance or leave it alone. Indeed, she was a sort of romantic *débauchée;* and, having passed the age where love could blossom again for her, she worked indefatigably and overtime at the love affairs of others.

She invited the count to dinner, and there set upon him when there was no escape.

"Maso," she demanded abruptly, "what're you up to?"

"Upto?" he repeated, making one word of it. "What is upto?"

"It's an idiom, young man, and expressive. It means that I want to know why you're wear-

"I shall speak tomorrow; I shall direct. Italy may not be destroyed by such as he!"

ing out the atmosphere around Mary O'Day? Speak up, young man, and be to the point." But before he could speak she was on her way discussively. "She's a little actress. Makes a hundred a week and nobody ever heard of her. Never will. Too nice. . . . I want her to stay that way. I know all about her. Father was a scientist person and mother was the daughter of some other college big bug. That constitutes class in America. Am I clear so far?"

"Yess, but——"

"She is the sort of young woman you make love to—er—for life and not for the duration, as it were. You don't send her a diamond necklace and the keys to an apartment. If you tried that on her you'd break her heart. She doesn't know what a scoundrel you are." For the moment Mrs. Jack believed he was.

"But Signora Jack—but only listen. I——"

"If you hurt that little girl, look out for me. I'm bad medicine. Ask anybody."

"I fear you. Oh, it is so, I fear you mos' terrible. I shudder in my shoe. . . . But it iss not thisa horror I have of you—not at any means by tall. No. Think you I cannot see? Is not her face the face of one—how shall I say?—of one *born?* But yes. Is she an actress? I do not know. That is sad to be and a ver' great misfortune. But she is necessity to have food, is it not? That is why. . . . And I do not send any of diamonds whatever, nor keys nor anything—only my bes' love. And comes the time I aska thees young lady weel she be so gooda as to marry weeth me——"

"Honest?" demanded Mrs. Jack.

"What I speak, that I mean," he said.

"Then," said Mrs. Jack, "God bless you, my children, and I'll give away the bride. Now, let's see, what date will be——"

Maso interrupted, laughing. "But you maka so fast. Stop, plees. It iss all so ver' fine, only except she did not yet say she iss willing to marry me."

"Then go ask her, slowpoke. Out of my sight. . . . And telephone me what she says. I'll wait up."

Maso left that house shaking his head, and wondering what sort of country America might be. But he obeyed.

The hour was not late and his car carried him quickly to Mary O'Day's hotel, where the *concierge* informed him that Miss O'Day would receive him.

"I am come," he told her, "because I could

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After buying the eggs, meat and breakfast food - "*You may get a package of Wrigley's too.*"

Wise mother: - she rewards the little errand runner with something delicious, long-lasting and beneficial.

Happy, healthy children, with Wrigley's - and best of all - the cost is small!

A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

WRIGLEY'S
"after every meal"

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

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not wait. Also I have dine weeth Mrs. Jack tonight, and she is—how does our friend Mike say it?—give me the razz. Oh, such a woman. I do not comprehend her at all."

"And why," asked Mary, "did Mrs. Jack give you the razz?"

"Bicause she thinka I jus' make to play aroun'. I maka a leetle love and ron away. Thees she tell me. If only you could spika Italian! How in thees Engleesh shall I tell you that I am loving you weeth my heart and all of everytheeng else? I cannot say it well. I would spika that I worship you like the saint and love you like the woman, and my heart break eef you do not love me back again. . . . And theese are the truth. So I am come to say and to beg you ver' hard that you should be my wife. But in your language I do not say it well."

"I think," said Mary, "that you say it very nicely, indeed." She looked up into his eyes and smiled. "Very, very nicely," she added.

"You lika how I spik?"

"Yes."

"And myself—you lika me?" His voice was boyish, eager.

"Not *like*," said Mary, and then she hoped in a vague sort of way that they would not get all tangled up in his sword, but he managed it excellently.

"Now," she ordered, "you must go away."

The count went rapidly because he knew if he was slow about it he would not succeed in going at all, and he hardly dared look back from the door.

In the street outside he encountered Mika da Kell' and him he stopped as if Mike were an equal and a gentleman—all for the purpose of breaking his heart—which he did not intend in the least.

"I have come from her thees minute," Count Maso said jubilantly, "and she have say she will be my wife."

Mike swallowed and snuffed violently. Then, gamely and after his own style, he offered congratulations.

"If," he said, "you don't treat her perty, you're goin' to wake up some mornin' with your face around lookin' at the back of your neck."

Count Maso puzzled an instant over this. Together they walked to the corner where the count's car awaited on the side street, and turned.

III.

MIKE and Count Maso proceeded as much as twenty paces when they found themselves surrounded by persons with faces muffled and weapons in their hands. Mike, being unexpected and a sort of intruder, was dealt with summarily. A blunt weapon descended upon his cap and he ceased to be a part of events temporarily. Then Count Maso, with mouth muffled, was whisked into a waiting limousine and, as if by magic, the street became deserted by all save Mike.

Now Mike, in his ring days, had one claim to fame. He could take it! The man with the blunt instrument erred in taking it for granted that a blow such as would have abolished any ordinary mortal would have even a reasonably comparable result upon Mika da Kell'. It is true it discomposed him for a time and caused him to sit down reflectively upon the cobble stones, but he shook his head vigorously and got to his knees just in time to see the count pushed through the door of the limousine.

IMMEDIATELY, even in his semi-dazed condition, it was apparent to Mike that Miss O'Day's young friend was in a jam. What followed was purely reflex—the natural reaction of loyalty bred of gameness. Mike lunged for the rear of the moving car, caught the spare tire and, by a contortion worthy of exhibition in vaudeville, managed to retain a position on it.

The cab took to byways and twisting alleys, but exactly where Mike had no notion.

Presently the car slowed down and acted as if it were making up its mind to stop. Mike waited to be sure, and then made himself a part of the densest shadow in the vicinity, from whence he scrutinized proceedings. Five men descended from the car carrying a sixth—and there was still a chauffeur on the seat.

The five cloaked men carried Count Maso to a door in a wall upon which one of them kicked vehemently until it was opened; whereupon they disappeared within. Mike waited and then investigated.

The wall surrounded a garden, and inside the garden was an old palace. There were no lights and the only sound audible was the beating of Mike's heart.

Now, Mike was of the genus which is more apt at executing than originating plans; he was all for action and seldom for reflection. But he could not act alone, and he did require some mental guidance—indeed, he felt acutely the need of it. So he turned and ran as fast as his legs would carry him, trusting in them somewhat to guide him to a proper destination.

This destination turned out to be Mary O'Day's hotel, into which he plunged and demanded speech with her. Inasmuch as blood had trickled down over his collar, the *concierge* was loath to deliver his message until Mike stated to him the Italian equivalent for "I'll bash your beezer if you don't get a move on." This brought results, for Mary had not yet retired. Mike ascended to her floor.

"Why, Mika da Kell'!" she demanded. "What's the matter? Have you been in a fight?"

"Fight? Me? No, *Ma'am*. De wasn't no fight, what I mean. Just *Zam!* and I was down and h was—what, now, is dat woid th poiper uses?—abducted, dat's it.

"Abducted? Who was ab ducted?"

"Your gentleman friend," sai Mike.

"Who?" demanded Mary. "Wh do you mean?"

"*Him*. The guy you're goin' t marry wit'."

"*What do you mean?*" Mar emphasized every word and lef spaces between them.

"Aw, ain't I tellin' you? A gang dey jumped him and me. Wot got was dis on de bean—him de carted off in a plush hack, and m ridin' behind."

Mary was gradually piecing i together and arriving at a cer tainty that something had hap pened.

"They carried him t'rough d gate, and dat's where I says good by and come to spread the news.

"Then you know where he is?

"Aw, ain't I jest tellin' you?"

"Wait," said Mary, "until I pu on my hat."

Undoubtedly that was absurd If so, it was an evening of ab surdities. It was absurd fo Count Maso's political opponent to resort to methods of anothe century—but his was not the onl example during that election time it was more absurd for Mary t start out with no other weapo than her hat—and not even hat pins in it—to rescue him.

Mary loved him. Mary wa Irish, and, therefore and naturally nothing else would occur to he but to put on her hat and go t look for her man. Besides, Mar had a shrewd idea—this was matter in which Count Maso woul be reluctant to have the civi authorities act, even though h might stand in peril of his life.

THE *concierge* showed some as tonishment to see Mary leav ing the hotel, but Americans al ways were causing him to lift hi eyebrows and wonder how such things could be.

Mary found a taxicab, but had to walk almost to the Duomo to ge it. By this time she had secured from Mike general directions as t Count Maso's location. Mike gave orders to drive to the Piazza d Santa Croce. Here they alighted to walk the remaining distance.

"You don't know whose house i is?" she asked, and Mike shook hi head.

"Here's de gate," he whispered

They walked past while Mar studied the house, scrutinized th blank expanse of its stone wall and sought for some sign of life There was none to be seen. Fron the street the *palazzo* seemed dar and tenantless—then, faintly, ove the wall, came the sound of laugh

ter, the voices of men and women mingled.

They stood, with ears close to the wall, listening, and again came sounds of merriment. Mary frowned. It meant something, but what did it mean?

"I think I understand," she whispered. "It's to turn aside suspicion. A houseful of guests, a party of some sort! And under cover of this the thing they have done!"

"A stall?" Mike asked.

"Yes." Then: "It may work to our advantage as well as to theirs. Mike, we must get over that wall."

"Leave it to me, Miss. You stand close by dat gate. I'll do de second story job, and if dey ain't nobody sittin' on da lock I'll have you in before you can wink twict."

Finger and toe holds were available. In a twinkling Mika da Kell' sat astride the coping and then dropped from sight. For a moment he crouched in the blackness at the foot of the wall staring at the face of the house, whose windows, concealed from the street, poured light upon a garden, neatly trimmed shrubs, and beds of early flowers. Then he slithered along the wall until his fingers touched the gate. It was an instant's work to shoot the bolt and swing it ajar for Mary to enter.

And now the adventure was upon them; they were within. Somewhere inside that house lay Maso da Uzzano, bound and silent, while in the ancient rooms went forward an evening of laughter and gayety. . . . But how to reach him, how to find the room of his imprisonment! How to gain admission!

Keeping to the edge of a graveled path where high shrubs cast a hedge of blackness, they approached to reconnoiter. Mary stumbled, bent to pick something from the ground —something which glittered in her hand. It was a naked sword.

"Maso's," she whispered. "It fell from his scabbard when they carried him in."

Her hand closed about its grip, and somehow she felt bolder, more adequate. It was a night for swords; circumstances surrounded them in which a naked sword held a rightful part. . . . And Maso would need it if they could win to him.

"Wot's de answer?" Mike demanded.

"We must—we must do something before the party breaks up. It is our chance. . . . How would they have taken him into the house? Not through the front door, certainly. Nor through the kitchens. There must be some little door where they could enter without being seen either by servants or guests."

They moved across the front of the house, keeping close in the shelter of its masonry. Presently they arrived at a low window, its sill a few inches above the ground.

Inside and below them they saw a small, square room with walls of granite; a sort of lantern burned in a corner, and before it, on the floor, was huddled a man's figure—a figure in uniform, with empty scabbard lying at an angle.

As their eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness they perceived that his hands and ankles were secured with rope. . . . There could be no doubt it was Count Maso.

BEYOND him was a closed door. There was no other method of ingress. To reach him, they must gain admission to the house; thence to the cellars—and it was not believable that he had been left wholly unguarded.

The thing presented rather a problem to a girl, but she was very determined and had a naked sword in her hand.

It was a quandary, but events gave them little time to cope with it. Of a sudden the figure of a man reared upward from behind a bush and stretched upward his arms in a yawn. He, too, was in uniform, and it took but scant skill at guessing to decide that he was an outer guard. If a guard, then a door.

"Get him," Mary whispered in Mike's ear, and Mike slid forward, an inch at a time, until he occupied the other side of the officer's bush. There, with infinite caution, he got to his knees and then to his feet, waiting. The officer yawned audibly and half turned toward the bush.

NOW, in the ring, Mike's main dependence had been a blow of the type called a "haymaker." The guard did not see it coming. It must have been a great surprise to him, catching him, as it did, upon the point of the jaw, lifting him a foot in the air. When he fell he did not bother even to groan.

Mary crept back to the low, barred window and peered in again. It was to satisfy herself that Maso really was there. Her lips parted, and she was about to call his name softly, when the door into the prison room opened and she saw enter a man she knew as Prince Albizzo. He walked to the bound figure and addressed it, the words coming clearly to Mary's ears, though she could not understand them. But Mika da Kell' could understand, and he translated in the softest of whispers.

"Crowin', he is," said Mika. "He's tellin' de count he hadn't oughter monkeyed wit' de buzzsaw, see? . . . Now he's askin' if de count wants to git out. It's de election, but dis here's got Tammany faded a mile. . . . He's offerin' some kind of a deal. Says if de count'll switch parties and t'row his votes he kin crash de gate. . . . De Count, he says nuttin' doin'. . . . His nobs say den dat whatever become of the count'll have everybody cockeyed, because it ain't never goin' to be found out. Figgers to croak him, see?"

"And what does Maso say?" Mary asked with frantic eagerness.

"He's tellin' his nobs to jump in de lake," said Mika da Kell'.

"He would! . . . He would!" whispered Mary, and her heart swelled with pride, even in this dreadful moment. "Oh, we must do something—now, at once."

Mary drew Mike to the door before which the guard, safely trussed by Mike, lay without motion. It was not locked, so they entered and descended stone steps leading into the darkness. At a turning a chink of light under a door guided them. It, too, was unlocked, for Prince Albizzo had entered it to visit his prisoner but a moment before.

"Gimme dat sticker," said Mika da Kell', assuming command. "You keep out o' dis, see? I'm goin' in." He suited the action to the word—but Mary did not obey. She was close on Mike's heels as he hurled himself into the room. A leap took Mike to the side of the prince, who, taken by surprise, had time only to turn. His hand dropped to his sword, but Mike's point was against his ribs.

"If you wiggle an ear," said Mike, "I'll spike you wit' dis," and then, remembering, he spoke in Italian. The prince crouched, catlike, his black eyes glittering, but Mike exerted pressure, from which the man winced.

"Git me knife outa me pocket," Mike ordered, "and cut him loose."

Mary obeyed, fumbled the blade open with unaccustomed fingers, whispering meantime in her lover's ear, and cut the ropes which bound him. He turned his face up to her in the dim light and smiled, and they kissed in that strange place, but said no word. . . . Maso got to his feet, stamped, rubbed and flexed his arms while they waited, for Mary and Mike knew it was his part to assume command.

In a moment he extended his hand for the sword which Mike held pressed against the prince's middle, and his eyes gleamed joyfully.

"It seems," said the count, "that it is not my party which is to lose its leader. Prince Albizzo, you have a sword. . . . My fancy is not for murder. Draw."

Steel slithered against steel, glinting balefully in that dim, flickering light. Mike and Mary pressed themselves in corners lest they interfere with the combatants, but Mike could not stand it. His training had not been in chivalry, but in gang fighting. In him was no instinct which forbade him to strike from behind, and he was creeping forward, waiting his chance, when Mary seized his arm.

"No," she cried. "No. . . . He would never forgive us. It—it must be left to him. . . . He—this is his way."

"He's givin' the bloke a chanct," growled Mike.

"He must . . . He must," said Mary, tense, wide-eyed, not terrified, for she could not know fear when she saw the joyous light upon Maso's face.

Then, quicker than the eye could follow, came a parry, a flick of Maso's iron wrist, and a lunge. Mary's straining eyes saw that half his sword was invisible. . . . The prince straightened, lifted his arms, his sword fell with a rattle of steel upon stone, and he crumpled to the floor. Mary covered her eyes, found herself in Maso's arms.

"Come, come," she said, dragging at his arm. "We're not safe yet. You're in danger."

"No," he said with shining eyes. "It was not to be—it cannot be. Let them do what they will, they cannot win. . . . I shall speak tomorrow; I shall direct. . . . Italy may not be destroyed by such as he!"

"That's all very well," said Mary, "but you can't speak tomorrow if we don't get out of here. . . . Quick!"

IT was Mike who led the way, down the passage, up the stairs past the moaning sentry, through the garden and to the door in the wall. Another instant and they were free and safe.

"Say," said Mika da Kell', "in dis country youse can't take your politics or leave 'em alone, eh?" . . . And then, "Miss O'Day, you ain't onto de hull joke. Who d'ye t'ink was eatin' wit' the guy wit' the sword in his gizzard, eh? Who?"

Mary shook her head.

"De star," said Mike. "Francine Dawn, and Mr. Hanlon, and Jack Beaumont, and them. It's to laugh, wot? Eatin' dere heads off upstairs w'ile we was playin' a movie in de cellar! Wit' romance and all, wot?"

Mike made a wry face, for there was other love interest in the drama than its principals knew—the love of a roughneck property man for a girl so far outside his sphere that never for an instant had his worship been lightened by hope.

"Say, count, w'en you 'n' her git spliced you're goin' to need a shoffer or suthin', ain't yuh? Say. . . . 'Cause," said Mike, with a pathos which rang very true, "I'd kind of like to stick around."

"May I have him, Maso?" asked Mary.

"Your first request! . . . *Carissima!* . . . But from this day you shall request no more. No. Bicause it will be for me to theenk of it first and to make it to be there before you can wish."

"Doggone," said Mika da Kell', "if I don't have all de luck."

THE END

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

The Woodrow Wilson *I Knew*

By MARY ALLEN HULBERT

The True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering of Tongues

MY LEAN YEARS

Sixth Article of the Series

Woodrow Wilson and Mary Allen Hulbert on the veranda of her Bermuda home, on the occasion of the War President's first visit to the island.

THE writer of these reminiscences enjoyed the friendship of President Wilson to an unusual degree for a number of years, beginning when he was president of Princeton University. During the earlier of these years she was Mrs. Mary Allen Peck. Later her marital ties were severed and she resumed the name of her first husband—Hulbert.

In her previous articles Mrs. Hulbert has painted a picture of the War President such as has not before been presented to the public. In those articles Woodrow Wilson the man is seen, his natural inclinations given full rein, without being checked by custom; the veil of the academician dropped and the real Wilson brought into view.

With minds having much in common, a close friendship was established between Mrs. Hulbert and Mr. Wilson, which friendship finally became the subject of comment. In the meantime Woodrow Wilson had become President, and Mrs. Hulbert gives some interesting sidelights on his "home life" in the White House.

In her relations with President Wilson Mrs. Hulbert found him to be very human and not always the cold, self-satisfied, and austere scholar he was generally supposed to be; a man who felt it was his duty to become a national and political leader, however opposed such a course was to his natural likes and desires.

FOR a little while I must write more of myself and less of Woodrow Wilson, because that which happened after my return to California in 1917 is an essential part of the whole narrative of my acquaintance with the man. It seems to be but natural, now that I look back upon those days with a leavening touch of grim humor.

If I am not mistaken, it was about the time when I was prepared to insist that further misfortunes were out of the question that I read a story by Irvin S. Cobb wherein a farmer, having periodically suffered a series of disasters in silence and meek submission to Providence, finally, upon being temporarily blinded by a bolt of lightning which killed his horses and melted his plowshare, became articulate. The farmer dropped upon his knees in the unfinished furrow and cried aloud:

"O Lord, if you don't mind my saying it, don't you think this here thing has gone far enough?"

Until the auction which disposed of my Nantucket, Pittsfield, and Bermuda things I was laid up in the Hotel Le Marquis in New York City, which must have been a great relief to the Department of Justice men and others who had to trudge the streets in my wake wherever I might go. I had, as I have said in a preceding article, broken my left foot. But a crutch and a cane helped me to the train a couple of days after war was declared, and I returned to California, only to find my son very ill in a hospital. The ranch had dissolved itself into a regretful memory.

Behold then the unspeakable Mrs. Peck, instead of living richly in Washington on the money of the taxpayers, sitting in a small room listening to an eloquent lady whose art it was to instruct a platoon of hopeful men and women how their neighbors could be induced to purchase a set of books bearing the convincing title of Our Wonder World at from fifty to eighty dollars a set—one dollar down and a dollar a month, if you liked. I really

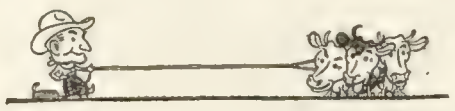
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

The BULL'S EYE

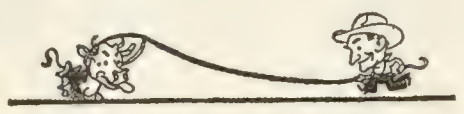
Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation M[illegible]* *Editor* WILL ROGERS

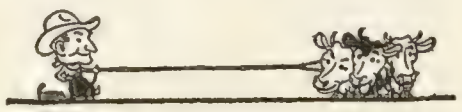
I KNOW people are going to say, "What do you think of Will Rogers writing and endorsing 'Bull' Durham?" That's where you're wrong. I am not endorsing it. I never smoked any tobacco in my life, not even 'Bull' Durham.



If you want the real truth about why I signed up to write a lot of pieces for these people, it's because I love animals. Have you ever studied that picture of the bull carefully? . . . have you ever seen such a kind-looking animal? I thought this:—certainly no one who cares as much about dumb creatures as they do would put out anything but the best smoking tobacco possible—so I said all right, I'll write your stuff. Honestly, the money part of it didn't have much to do with it. That is, not very much.



Seriously, though, out where I come from, unless a male member of the population has got that 'Bull' Durham tag hanging from the shirt pocket, he's liable to be arrested for indecent exposure. And, you believe me, you can't sell those western hard-boiled eggs much and keep on selling them unless it's got class.



Guess maybe this not smoking thing has sort of got me winging. Wonder if that's why things has turned out this way. Come to think of it, it may be a moral lesson to the youth of this country. The moral in my case being, if you want to grow up and know nothing but telling jokes and have people laughing at you all the time, don't smoke.

But who wants to go through life acting the fool?

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece in this publication next week.

Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist, announces a series of 'Bull' Durham advertisements. They are worth watching for.

MORE of EVERYTHING FOR a lot LESS money. THAT'S the net OF this 'BULL' Durham PROPOSITION. MORE flavor— MORE enjoyment AND a lot MORE money LEFT in the BANKROLL AT the end of A week's SMOKING.

TWO bags FOR 15 cents MAKE a HUNDRED CIGARETTES.

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS

Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

did sell a few sets, which was quite a feat, considering that one had only to look about one to see a more wonderful world and far more thrilling times than any depicted in type in the volumes.

It is not a flattering commentary upon the other salespeople that I shone among them. In fact, I pleased my employers so well that they decided that I should invade a territory which had sternly resisted the smoothest tongues among us. It was Escondido—the Hidden Valley—and with an unwarranted assurance I took Our Wonder World among those simple people. Not one set, not one volume, even, did I work off on them.

I tramped that California valley issuing eloquent appeals and with logic arguing that one's education was not even elemental unless one absorbed the facts I had for sale. But no. And, to make my failure complete, my broken foot failed me, and my first foray into literature came to an end.

It seems quite certain that this bid for an income had aroused the deep suspicions of the California operatives of the Department of Justice, because they, poor men, followed me hither and yon, convinced that my book-selling efforts were but a cloak for more sinister plans.

I SHOULDN'T be at all surprised, moreover, had not my peregrinations with Our Wonder World laid the foundation for the subsequent propaganda that I was the agent for the Potsdam government. You see, it was a hypothesis easily worked up. Consider. This woman, once the favorite of the President, was now his bitter enemy. She had hoped, if you please, to be the second Mrs. Wilson; but, failing in that, she had turned against her country in her bitterness and had gone to extremes in wanting to bring about her country's downfall—thus to avenge herself upon the President.

Voilà! What could be simpler? Ah, a dangerous woman—the more so because she was an intelligent woman, a woman of liberal education. Was there not ample proof in history? Had not women since Jael delivered Sisera to Barak been untrustworthy in affairs of state? At any rate, I was not to go unwatched.

"Would you mind," I asked one of the watchers, who made no effort at concealment, "telling me why you are forever lurking in my neighborhood?"

"Lady," he said wearily, "all I know is that it's orders from headquarters."

"Would it be asking too much to inquire why you refuse to let my mother alone?" my son asked the Los Angeles office of the Department of Justice.

"We know nothing whatever about it," replied the polite official there.

"You know, however, that you are shadowing her," said Allen.

"We know nothing whatever about it."

Not long thereafter my son went to New York, leaving the family jewels for me to meet necessities with.

And then, as if to help those who would have it that I was a German spy, I lent aid and gave shelter to a decrepit Teutonic ancient who came into my life one foggy morning while I was engaged in nothing more romantic than sweeping the back porch. Such were the proportions of the tiny house that one had to sweep little to cover it.

Out of the cold fog which, realtors notwithstanding, is an occasional phenomenon in Los Angeles, came this weary old man, obviously chilled to the heart and hungry. One of the most obvious things about him was on exhibition when he spoke. His talk was that of the German immigrant. A shaggy old fellow in threadbare coat and trousers and woolen shirt. Had I any work to do? I had not. Could I give him something to eat and some coffee? I could and did.

He had no home, no place to sleep. I told him there was an iron cot in the basement and a couple of old blankets on it.

"You are not afraid to have a German around?" he asked.

"I certainly should feel worse to know that I let anyone die of neglect," I said, feeling quite noble and altruistic.

He was such a clean old chap! He hadn't been in the basement an hour before he had washed out his shirt and socks and hung them on my clothesline. He really tried to be a grateful guest, but, after a few days, he became a bit of a nuisance, for my clothesline was always full of tossing socks and underwear—unmistakably not feminine.

I went over to the Alexandria hotel in Los Angeles, where the head waiter was a German, and spoke to him about the old fellow.

"He is one of your countrymen, and I think you should know he needs help. Do take care of him," I said.

And lo and behold! the old man vanished that night. But in his place came a marvelous story to the effect that the old man was an agent of the Kaiser's government and that he was acting under my orders, which I, in turn, received from that head waiter. Then I expected that the Department of Justice would wait no longer but descend upon me with warrants and shackles and take me to Fort Leavenworth or some such exile. But no! They continued to content themselves with lurking in my shadows.

If they had only done something besides that! The thing got on one's nerves. The Damoclean sword!

AND then the movies! Surely one doesn't need an extraordinary sense of humor (quantitatively, that is) to work up at least a smile from the picture of this ex-book peddler and quondam interior decorator, this reputed favorite of the court who was supposed to be waxing fat and arrogant in the shadow of the White House, hustling out at daybreak to join the Hollywood hopefuls and badger those misanthropes at the studio who hired the extras.

Still, I did get into two pictures—as an extra or atmosphere. I don't remember the name of the first one, but it is not so readily to be forgotten that it was done by Harry Garson with his wife, Clara Kimball Young, the star. Actually I have only a vague idea of the nature of the story, although I have no doubts but that virtue triumphed in very definite fashion and that Miss Young emerged from numerous elaborately laid traps and pitfalls without a scratch on her physical or spiritual beauty. My contribution to that somewhat overdressed struggle for art was small; I drank tea in a garden to the apparent satisfaction of the director.

The other picture which rejoiced in my as-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Trooping the colors in Bermuda, with the British forces lined up in hollow square formation, on the birthday of the King of Great Britain.

The late Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston, whose sarcasm toward Mr. Wilson when he tried to explain his aims and longings was a cruel blow to the idealistic President.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

sistance was A Great Love. Assuredly I was in excellent company. There were Lillian Gish and Robert Harron, George Fawcett and Henry Walthall sharing, with remarkable generosity, the stellar honors. I do not presume to think that anything I may have done to that masterpiece could have affected its destiny, whatever it was, but I did have the distinction of attracting the attention of the director, David Wark Griffith.

I had appeared in a blue gown.

"Lady," shouted Mr. Griffith as I was disposing myself in my "extra" part, "you have on the wrong dress."

"But I was told to wear a blue dress," I protested.

"Very well, then," sighed Mr. Griffith. "You will simply have to be another lady, that's all."

And so I was forced to take another chair in the tea scene, resigning my original part, which was much nearer the camera. Such is the life of the extra in the movies. It will always be difficult for me to realize that I never saw either of these pictures, and thus I am prevented from enlisting in the endless hosts of those who write the truth about Hollywood and warnings to lovely young things who desert their prosaic but reliable typewriters and counters to storm the Pickfordian heights.

BUT enough of that—of me; I have already strayed far from my story's title. The Woodrow Wilson I knew was such a combination of moods, ideals (and, may I say, inhibitions?) that it is not possible for one writing of him to wander very far afield.

For example, there was his social consciousness, quickly estimated, which trait might easily be set down as snobbishness. Perhaps in the strictest sense it was just that, but I contend that it was rather self-consciousness, a shrinking from new personal contacts, an abstraction in social exchanges.

Poor man, such are the penalties of prominence that he has been analyzed and dissected and filtered until we are gradually handing to posterity a Wilson who is a compound of Jeremiah, Thomas à Kempis, the Red Queen, Nicolai Lenin, and Madame Bovary, when, after all, he was hardly more than a sensitive idealist who could not disassociate himself for a moment from his cause.

For example, on my first visit to the White House we went motoring through Washington. In the car were the President, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Helen Bones (the President's cousin), and myself. We came upon a large sightseeing motor bus, and such were our relative positions that we had to stop.

The man with the megaphone shouted to the crowd in the bus:

"If you will look quickly to your left you will see the President of the United States."

They looked and applauded. It was almost an ovation. Woodrow Wilson gave no sign of having heard. He crowded himself deeper into the seat. His face became grim, set, almost forbidding. He made no attempt or motion to raise his hat. Savonarola on his way to the scaffold was not less solemn of mien.

"Woodrow, why don't you raise your hat? Why didn't you recognize them?"

I am not sure which of us women said that first. I know that I was indignant.

"Why don't you speak?" I cried.

But the bus went on, and just as it did he touched his hat brim with his fingers.

"Oh," he said, wearily, "I suppose I should have done something. But they don't care for me. What do they care for me?"

"Of course they don't care about you personally," I said. "How could they? They don't know you. But they were honoring the office—the President."

"All this adulation," he scoffed. "What is it? Four years from now I'll be forgotten. I, personally, am nothing to them."

"The other day I was reading in the newspaper that William Howard Taft was seen standing in the rain for half an hour waiting for a street car. Nobody except a reporter saw him apparently. Certainly nobody seemed to care one way or the other. Here am I, now, the President of the United States, not Woodrow Wilson. I have more motor cars than I need. I have all the comforts and aid that go with the office, but I, myself, count for nothing. Four years hence Woodrow Wilson will be standing there in the rain, waiting for a street car, and nobody is going to go out of the way to speak to him."

HE never smoked. He never danced. He just couldn't. He even couldn't swim. I jeered a little at him once about his abstinence from tobacco, but he was so pathetic about it that I never did again. I did not make light of his not dancing. I was sorry for him. He was to me the result of a cheated boyhood; rather the victim of his rigorous ancestors. The will to be a martyr was strong in him.

"Did you never smoke?" I asked him.

"No, no," he replied.

"Why, did you never, as a boy, get behind the barn and defy the parental rule by smoking those terrible cigarettes you had made yourself?"

"Never."

He professed to loathe tobacco, but I don't think he really did. There must have been times when he yearned to do all those things which his severe, inherited code forbade.

"Don't you swim?" I asked him one day as we stood on the beach at Bermuda.

"No," he replied, somewhat sheepishly.

"Did you use to skate?"

"Alas, no. My dear mother was so fearful of all those things that they were denied me."

And then, as if in self-defense—or defense of family:

"But I rode a great deal, though."

One sensed that he often saw that little boy who was himself—shy, dreaming, alone (for grown-ups are dull things)—and it seemed to me that what I was then beholding was his longing to make up in whatever degree he might that long denied lease on play. That, I think, is what turned him to me, who had never lost my zest of the joy of living. In his defense ("I rode a great deal, though") I seem to see the spirit of Charlotte Greenwood's song:

"For I still retain my girlish laughter."

And in point I recall one day during his campaign for Governor of New Jersey when

Witzel Photo.

Three moving picture stars with whom Mary Allen Hulbert worked as an humble extra. Left to right: Lillian Gish, George Fawcett, Clara Kimball Young.

he came to my apartment in New York City looking so utterly fagged and gloomy that we thought him ill. A speech was on for the evening. There was not time to go back to Princeton.

"I am so tired," he complained. "Too, too tired to rest—too tired even to talk."

He laughed a little at that.

"Will you be good to me," he said, "and go with me to a theater, a concert—some place of great diversion and no thinking?"

"What seems to you to be the most frivolous place in town?" I asked.

"The Hippodrome," he replied, instantly. "Would you mind?"

After my mother had made him drink a cup of hot bouillon, off we went to the Hippodrome. As he bought tickets music blared forth—unmistakably the music of the ladies in tarlatan frillies pirouetting and leaping through hoops to the broad backs of ambling white horses.

"Woodrow!" I cried. "Circus music!"

And, sure enough, there was the lady and her amiable nag and the clown. The perfect circus! Diverted? Woodrow Wilson was a boy for the afternoon—or as nearly a boy as he could be. There he sat munching mental peanuts all afternoon. . . . Ah, it was so easy to be sorry for the little Tommy Wilson of years back—the boy who had never played.

Here was a man whose heart seemed utterly satisfied with the sacred circle of his home but whose soul longed for normal human contacts outside that circle. There were not many free days when he could be just Woodrow Wilson, man. As professor, college president, Governor and, later, President of the United States he held himself rigorously to his own high interpretation of those rôles, but outside contacts were too often denied him.

AT Bermuda it had been his custom to sit on the piazza of the Hamilton watching the dancing, and I cannot say that I ever saw disapproval in his eyes. Rather, no audience could have seemed more pleased by the sight. Later, when I had met him, he told me how he enjoyed watching the dancing, and he was gallant enough to say that watching me dance was not the least of the pleasure he had got.

He told me that he felt he had "known me a long time."

"I used to call you 'My Lady.' As I sat in my quiet corner at a table they considered proper for a staid, pedagogic person it amused me to see the dinner parties coming in and to speculate upon their characters and positions. And then, when you would come into a group—such a group! a-glitter with gold lace and military and naval trappings—I would wonder what you had said that they should be so suddenly enlivened and gay where before they had composed a rather dull-spirited company. Why, I used to change my seat at the table to watch you."

"I can tell you why that circle brightened when I joined it," I replied. "You see, I'm almost always late. The others were hungry, therefore gloomy. *I* meant dinner."

Nothing could have been clearer to me. Here was a man whose very soul wept for real comradeship, for real, understanding friendship; a steely, if not great, mind groping for a complement of comprehending affection. There in Bermuda were all those social diversions which had become a necessary part of my life. The men were, to reduce it to the least common multiple status, adepts in the art of mixing. Generally speaking, any one of them could be dropped suddenly into a totally strange group of men in some spot he had never visited before, and in remarkably short time he would be a free and accepted member of the set.

Mary Allen Hulbert and her black spaniel, Paget, whom Woodrow Wilson disliked with a surprising intensity.

P. & A. Photo.

Typical scene in the reception room of the motion picture studio where Mary Allen Hulbert waited for days for the opportunity to play as an extra in the Griffith film, The Great Love.

U. & U. Photo.

The late Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, First Lord of the British Admiralty.

Woodrow Wilson hadn't a spark of this. He was probably the worst "mixer" I have ever known. The entangling alliance was his most formidable *bête noire*, in society as well as politics, and it was as impossible for him to sit tolerantly and noncommittal in distasteful circumstances as it was for him to arbitrate with his enemies. In point, I recall the day I introduced him to Lord Frederic Hamilton.

Lord Frederic's whole life had been one of making himself agreeable to others. He had been secretary to the British embassies in Buenos Aires, Berlin, and (then) Petrograd. In short, he had all the contact-making facility that Woodrow Wilson lacked. It gave him an airiness, a take-it-for-granted attitude, which, unhappily, did not appeal to Doctor Wilson.

Doctor Wilson and I were returning from the South Shore one day, our ever-present

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Bagehot and Oxford Book of Verse under his arm, when, approaching the gates of Shoreby—my house—we beheld Lord Frederic tripping lightly from the porch to greet us. He desired lunch, and proclaimed his intention of taking it at Shoreby.

My cook was a temperamental West Indian, and this was the morrow of a joyous "Sunday off." The luncheon had every attribute of the complete social and gastronomic failure. The bisque was flavorless; there was a poor, skimp platter of cold meat; soggy baked potatoes and an unspeakable salad. The coffee, however, was good.

Doctor Wilson withdrew into himself during the very first minute of the luncheon. Lord Frederic was not to be denied, however. I am inclined to doubt whether he was conscious of the fact that Doctor Wilson had folded up. At any rate, it was of no great import to Lord Frederic, who proceeded to exhibit his breeziest self and work upon the adamant Doctor Wilson with commendable but profitless assiduity.

Doctor Wilson was just about as sympathetic toward Lord Frederic as he was toward my adored and adoring dog, Paget. He disliked Paget, thereby exhibiting, to my way of thinking, another indication of his starved boyhood.

But it was great fun to watch the contest between Lord Frederic and Woodrow Wilson—the former determined to crack the shell into which the latter had, turtle-like, retreated. I should say that Lord Frederic won, for almost immediately after luncheon Doctor Wilson departed, pleading letters, while Lord Frederic stayed until after tea.

Woodrow left no doubt in my mind, at our next meeting, that he did not like Lord Frederic. I mention the incident by way of illustrating one of Doctor Wilson's outstanding characteristics. Lord Frederic had actually been delightful, but Woodrow Wilson didn't think so and that, in so far as Woodrow Wilson was concerned, was that.

OF COURSE, he was the most vulnerable of men—that is, open to attack—for the very reason that he was so inflexible. And he was not ready to forgive the attacker if the lance point had pierced his skin in public.

For example, there was the evening when he was presented to a gorgeously appareled lady whose name he had failed to catch. He offered the lady his arm and was escorting her in to dinner. He hadn't seemed particularly interested in the few preliminary remarks she had made, and, finding conversation lagging, he went off into a dissertation about his "fagged mind."

The lady listened politely, and when he seemed to have finished she nodded sympathetically and, idly swinging her rope of pearls, drawled:

"Ah, indeed! Then you *have* a mind?"

The lady was the late Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston.

Of course, that sort of thing hurt him with himself enormously. It was impossible for him to understand that he brought much of it upon himself. He could not entirely comprehend that there were people to whom his aims, his strivings, his longings, were nothing whatever. It was not so much that he *would not* long tolerate about him those who differed with him: the man was so constituted that he *could not.*

He was, I think, given too much to introspection, which can so easily be a form of selfishness. Yet he was anything but selfish. He *did* want to give of himself to humanity. There was never a time when he put the glory which might be Woodrow Wilson's in front of the good of all people—the political, economic, social health of the earth.

Among the last words I had with him were some which illustrate this last contention of mine. The man's very soul was being torn by the conviction that his "appeal to Cæsar" was going unheard; that the covenant of the League of Nations was being scoffed aside by the American public. And he blamed himself. What he offered was, in his opinion, too right to bear argument. It *must* be right, he thought. That it was not being acclaimed as the panacea he saw it was, he lamented, because he, Woodrow Wilson, offered it.

"It is I they are repudiating!" he cried. "Were any other man to offer it——"

Yet, how wrong he was. James Middleton Cox offered it. John Davis offered it.

No, it was not Woodrow Wilson, the President, who failed. It was the boy who had never played; the child so weighted down with the armor of a stern ancestry that he grew to man's estate unable to play. Politically his mind was far in the van of his times; in almost all else it was Cromwellian.

Yet, lest I give you too drab a picture, please believe me that he *tried* to play. It was rather a muscle-bound, awkward attempt, to be sure, and it left him cognizant of his inability to make up for the time he had lost, but there were moments when he was almost gay. Alas, they were but moments! And as he progressed those moments came less frequently.

"Life is far too serious to be taken so seriously," I said to him on one occasion. "It will kill you, if you let it. Laugh! Laugh—it is the only way, Woodrow."

I do not recall that he made any direct answer to that exhortation, but it did occur to me later that it was an entirely unnecessary call to levity, because he frequently did laugh. The great difference was that he was not apt to see humor in those things which commonplace people did.

A CERTAIN amount of his self-consciousness was born of his conviction that he was not handsome in the conventional way. He was fond of citing instances of his physical awkwardness. There was the time he made his first appearance at a reception to undergraduates in college. He was, he chuckled, the nethermost of the undergraduates.

Describing himself as tall, lank, and very shy, he said he entered the long room in a courageous dash to meet his hostess. He stepped upon a small rug which bore him rapidly over the highly polished floor—his arms revolving wildly and his body swaying backward at a precarious angle—and came to a halt immediately in front of his rather formal hostess.

He never overcame that shyness and sometimes spoke feelingly of his physical plainness, quoting in point his favorite limerick:

For beauty I'm not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face I don't mind it,
For I sit behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.

"The only trouble with my face is," he said, "that there is too much skin."

To prove it, he took his cheeks between his fingers and pulled them out to an incredible width. A remarkable caricature. Naturally, his audience would laugh, and so would he, although somewhat ruefully.

Introducing him to my friends was always something of an adventure, inasmuch as there was never any certainty how he would take them or they would take him. As I have told you, his meeting with Lord Frederic Hamilton was not a hearty success, although I'm sure Lord Frederic was not affected one way or another. But Woodrow Wilson didn't care for Lord Frederic.

He apparently got along nicely with Walter Kitchener, who was Governor of Bermuda at the time I met Doctor Wilson there. And it was without untoward result that I brought together Woodrow Wilson and Lord Fisher, Admiral of the British fleet and at one period First Lord of the Admiralty.

This meeting took place in 1910 while Lord Fisher was in this country to attend the wedding of his son, Cecil, to Miss Jane Morgan, daughter of Randall Morgan of Philadelphia. I had known Lord Fisher some years before I knew of the existence of Woodrow Wilson. He was Sir John Fisher then.

Woodrow Wilson was not a social success. His was a strange nature. Even in the company of such a delightful conversationalist as the late Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) Woodrow Wilson failed to exhibit a sympathetic fellowship. Of these characteristics Mrs. Hulbert will tell in the seventh installment of her reminiscences, to appear in next week's Liberty.

STEUART M. EMERY

The Love Story of a

Rebellious Flapper

She was tired of respectability and craved excitement. So she stepped out and found it. And what happened to Rowena Vanderhaydin after she had shocked her parents with her declaration of independence makes a hilarious adventure. It is sparklingly narrated by Steuart M. Emery in next week's Liberty.

WATCH FOR

The Wild, Wild Child

TELLING the World Comes High These Days

HERE Is the Story of the Men Who Spend

A MILLION *for* ADVERTISING

By

BRUCE BARTON

Decorations by EDWARD A. WILSON

AN ADVERTISING man called on a New England manufacturer whose heart throbs just about as wildly as a cash register. The advertising man was enthusiastic.

"I have laid out a great program for you," he exclaimed. "It's all charted in this little black book. It calls for thirteen double pages in color in the Blank Magazine, and——"

"Just a minute," said the other, reaching out a restraining hand. "What did you say it would cost?"

The advertising man tried to sidestep.

"I have it all figured out and totaled," he answered, "but, if you will permit me, I'd like to show you the plan first and talk about the cost afterward."

The manufacturer was unmoved.

"What is the total?" he insisted.

"Well, really, I think that's putting the cart before the horse, but, if you insist, why, it comes to $350,000."

"About twice as much as I ever spent in one year before," the manufacturer commented.

"That's right, but if you will allow me——"

But that manufacturer's mind is not only "single track"—it's a monorail.

"You have some idea about the total volume of my sales, I suppose?" he queried.

"Why, yes, approximately."

"And you have taken that into consideration in laying out your plan?"

"Yes, sir, and if you will permit me——"

"One minute. Let me get this quite clear. You think this expenditure of $350,000 is the best move I can possibly make for the advancement of my business during the coming year."

"Decidedly."

"Put it another way. If you were in my place and somebody came to you with this plan would you put $350,000 of *your* money behind it?"

"I certainly would."

The manufacturer pulled a choice five cent cigar from his pocket and walked to the door. There he stopped and, turning very deliberately, favored the advertising man with one parting shot.

"Young man, you are a liar," he said quietly. "If you had $350,000 you would never blow it in on advertising. You'd put it into Liberty bonds and retire."

BRUCE BARTON, writer and advertising man, is best known by his interviews and his searching editorials. His career has been varied. Head of the student council during his undergraduate days at Amherst—teacher for a short time—editor and managing editor of various magazines—head of the publicity for the United War Work Campaign which raised $302,000,000—organizer, with two associates, of one of the outstanding advertising agencies of the country, Mr. Barton can look back on a succession of achievements, each bigger than the one preceding it. He is now a regular contributor of special articles to the leading magazines.

THAT story used to flash back into my memory whenever I saw the officers of a company sit down to make an advertising appropriation. Being Scotch, and having grown up in a household where every dollar was made to do about two dollars' worth of work, it would take my breath away to look at a schedule like this:

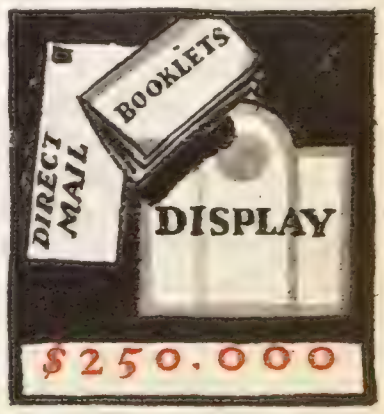
For magazines	$ 250,000
For newspapers	350,000
For posters and painted signs..	150,000
For letters, booklets, catalogues, dealers' signs, window displays	250,000
Total for the year.....	$1,000,000

With awe I would regard the president, vice president, treasurer, and general manager as they coolly considered these figures.

"What courage these American business men have!" I would say to myself. "A million dollars! Divided up it would give each of them two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, an annual income of fifteen thousand dollars for the rest of his life. And they are going to shoot it all for pictures and words; for white paper and printer's ink; for something so intangible that no one can measure precisely its influence or predict its results. How do they know they are justified? How can they be sure the money will come back?"

Probably you have asked such questions as these and will be interested in their answers. For you are the ultimate consumer toward whom all this expenditure is directed. If you are not reached and influenced the whole thing is meaningless waste. Let us therefore con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

sider briefly some of the fact and romance of modern advertising.

To make the illustration very concrete let us suppose that someone were to hand *you* a million dollars and say:

"Spend this in advertising."

How much advertising would a million dollars buy?

THERE are five principal groups of advertising media — (1) newspapers, (2) magazines, (3) billboards and painted signs, (4) street cars, and (5) the so-called "direct by mail" advertising, which means letters, folders, booklets, and catalogues. When you touch any one of these groups you run into big money right away. The highest priced magazine page is the back cover of one of the women's publications; it costs sixteen thousand dollars for one issue.

The highest priced newspaper space is a color rotogravure page in the Sunday edition of a Chicago paper; it costs four thousand five hundred dollars.

The highest priced electric sign in the country is in Times Square, New York. You can flash your name on that for a year for about one hundred thousand dollars.

To put a card in every surface car, subway car, and bus in New York City for a year costs one hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and eighty dollars.

Suppose you decide to concentrate on the magazines. You say:

"I will take a full page in each of the four leading weeklies once a month."

That means that five million one hundred and three thousand three hundred and sixty-three people would see your message twelve times during the year. The cost:

Twelve pages in four leading weeklies $189,600

If you want to be a little more impressive you will print your advertisements in colors instead of in black and white. That would make your bill two hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars.

There are three women's magazines with circulations that run all the way from two million to nearly two million five hundred thousand a month. It costs money to talk to the ladies, as you can see from this little item:

Twelve pages in color in three leading women's magazines...$414,000

Then suppose you add four monthly magazines with a combined circulation of 5,402,164:

Twelve color pages in four leading monthly magazines.....$210,000

And five farm papers with a total circulation of four million six hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and eighty-nine—for the farmer is selling his crops at a profit this year and you mustn't overlook him. That would add one hundred and fifty-one thousand eight hundred dollars to your budget and give you this total:

	Cost.
Twelve pages in color in four weeklies	$ 237,000
Twelve color pages in three women's magazines	414,000
Twelve color pages in four monthly magazines	210,000
Twelve pages in five farm papers	151,800
	$1,012,800

There, your million is gone!

If you select newspapers you could have the pleasure of seeing your name in print in one thousand six hundred and ten dailies in all the principal cities, after this fashion:

Twelve half pages in 1,610 newspapers, total circulation 19,978,632 .....$960,000

In billboards and printed signs you could buy a full year's representative showing in seven hundred and forty-seven cities and towns of over ten thousand population—a total of eight thousand and seventy-four posters for your million. Or you could have a card in practically every street car in the United States for fifty-two weeks.

It's an expensive business, you see, and necessarily so. For nowhere else in the world is there a market comparable to the United States. Think of it! More than a hundred million people, nearly all of them literate, in comfortable circumstances, and speaking the same language, and all joined by railroads and highways which make possible the effective distribution of goods in all sections of the country at once.

Assume that half of the hundred million are old enough to read and to buy, and that you decided to address one letter to each of them. Allowing two cents for the postage and two cents for paper, envelope, mimeographing, and addressing, your bill for that one single letter would look like this:

Fifty million letters at four cents each $2,000,000

No wonder that advertising mounts into tremendous figures, or that the business of guiding this great expenditure has come to be a science to which men of education gladly give their lives.

TO answer the question, "Who spends the most in advertising?" is difficult. Magazine advertising is checked by several organizations and the records are fairly complete. In 1923 there were seventy-five companies in the United States which spent more than a quarter of a million dollars apiece for space in the thirty-two principal magazines.

The leader of the list is a manufacturer of canned soup. Next to him come two manufacturers of soap and toilet goods. Then a manufacturer of inexpensive rugs, and, fifth, a manufacturer of phonographs and records.

These are magazine figures only, remember. If the newspaper and outdoor totals were taken the list would be very different, but no accurate data are available from these fields. We do know, however, that one manufacturer of chewing gum spends more than four million dollars a year, principally in signs and car cards; and that many of the advertisers in magazines use newspapers or posters in amounts greater than their magazine expenditure.

Even Henry Ford has joined the ranks. For years he was held up by critics of advertising as the prize example of business success without advertising cost.

"Look at Ford," they said. "He doesn't spend a nickel, yet he gets millions of dollars of free advertising in the newspapers by clever publicity."

This was true. Ford's name was more often mentioned in the news columns than that of any other living man. But Ford was not misled. He knew that there is a vast difference between having the papers "say something about you" and using the papers to say the things which you *want* the public to know.

Looking ahead, Ford saw clearly that he must create an even wider market for his cars if he is to maintain a production of three thousand or more a day; that he must inspire people hitherto unreached with the desire to own a Ford. A year ago, therefore, he set aside seven million dollars to be spent in advertising—an appropriation which puts him very near the top of the list.

IF Ford has finally seen the light; if all these other shrewd manufacturers who have been advertising for so many years continue to increase their expenditures, advertising *must* be a profitable investment. These men are not in business for any philanthropic motive. They have pride, of course, but they would never spend these millions just for the pleasure of seeing their names in print. What gives them courage to carry on? How can they be sure that this great expenditure pays?

They *cannot* be entirely sure. Where there is such a vast investment there must necessarily be some waste. Human nature is a very difficult element to weigh and measure; you can never be absolutely certain that such and such an advertising message will produce such and such a result. But as time goes on the "guess" in advertising grows less.

There has grown up in this country a strong group of professional organizations known as "advertising agencies." The men in control of them are usually college graduates. They have a high sense of the dignity of their calling and the responsibility which it involves. They study markets, and records, and the results of advertising successes and failures. They know some things that will work and some things that will not.

For the sake of the future of their industry they are very eager that no manufacturer should throw away his money. They make

plans, lay out sales programs, prepare the advertisements, buy the pictures, write the "copy," have the advertisements set up and the engravings made, forward the plates to the papers which are to publish them, check the insertions, and follow the campaign through.

To these organizations practically all large manufacturers have intrusted their advertising problems and expenditures. And, while advertising is not and never will be an "exact science," there are some fundamental truths which these manufacturers and their advertising agents *have* proved.

They have proved that advertising *does* build businesses, which is the first fundamental advertising truth. Today's advertising expenditures are giant oaks which yesterday were very tiny acorns. One prominent automobile company began advertising fifteen years ago with a total expenditure of one hundred dollars and sixty-five cents.

The manufacturer of chewing gum whose four million dollar annual appropriation has already been cited made his first plunge into the advertising ocean with thirty-two dollars—his entire capital at that time. A fountain pen which has been made internationally famous by several million dollars' worth of advertising began its advertising career with an expenditure of sixty-two dollars and fifty cents.

It is an axiom with advertising men that "nothing will succeed *with* advertising which is not good enough to succeed *without* it." Advertising, in other words, can perform no miracles. It cannot turn a bad product into a good one, nor persuade people to buy a second time something which proved unworthy on the first trial. All it can do is to hasten success; and that it *has* done for the companies whose experience has been instanced, and for thousands of others.

ADVERTISING is a factor in improving the quality of goods and reducing their cost. This is the second truth which advertisers and their agents have proved beyond doubt.

Some years ago a big baking company was formed by the purchase and consolidation of a number of plants. It was in the period when "mergers" and "consolidations" were very much the style and the idea was prevalent that if you put together a lot of small unsuccessful businesses you would immediately make a big successful business. So the new baking company was formed, but it made slow progress. Plants that had been losing money before the merger continued to lose, and the good plants did very little better.

The new management took a leaf out of the notebook of Henry Ford, who, by making only one thing and sticking to it, gets enormous production and very low costs. They determined to discontinue all of their various lines of bread and produce one new loaf which should be uniform everywhere in size, quality, and price. They designed the loaf of the best materials, gave it an attractive name, and began to advertise. The result is a sale which has grown steadily straight through the years.

But the more important fact is this—the loaf sells at the same price as its competitors, but it contains one cent more value in better lard, better flour, and sugar and milk. Quantity production has made that possible; and without advertising there would have been no quantity production.

SIMILAR examples exist in every branch of industry. When someone says to you that "the consumer pays for advertising" or that "the millions spent in advertising are a waste" he is talking without any knowledge of business economics. Thousands of products sell today at a fraction of their former price because advertising has built up volume, and volume has lowered costs.

Advertising creates new habits and stimulates new thinking—the third advertising truth. In this sense it is a vital factor in progress, for progress is created by the multiplication of human wants. The savage has almost no wants; a rude tent to protect him from the rain, a bow and arrow and a fishing line, a few skins for clothes, and he is satisfied. Hence, though a thousand years pass, the savage tribe takes no forward step.

But advertising creates new wants constantly. Go into the corner drug store and look around. Here are perhaps three thousand items of merchandise, every one of them a necessity to our modern life, but hardly any one of them a necessity to our grandparents.

Advertising has taught us the new habits which demand these new products; and in the effort to satisfy our desires we work a little harder and lift our living to a higher plane. A very shrewd financier once remarked:

"The surest way to save money is to go into debt for something."

When advertising stops, business crumbles. This is the fourth truth which all advertising men know. Some of the readers of this magazine will be old enough to remember Rubifoam. It was one of the first of the tooth washes and had a wonderful start. For years it was advertised in newspapers and magazines; its smiling girl with her pearly teeth was almost as famous as Mary Pickford.

The business prospered and seemed to have a clear path into the future. Then the owners conceived a way to increase their net profits. They would stop advertising and pocket the thousands that were being poured out for newspaper and magazine space. Rubifoam was famous; why continue to tell the world what all the world already knew?

They stopped advertising, and Rubifoam stopped, too. There are a dozen tooth pastes and powders today which do far more business than Rubifoam ever did. They have come up to take the field which it once held so firmly, and they have come up not in decades but in years, and even months.

Pearline is another name that once was a household word. Away back in 1904 its owners were spending five hundred thousand dollars a year for advertising—an enormous appropriation for those days. In 1907, the original proprietor having died, the estate passed into the hands of executors. They looked at the books, saw this huge annual outlay, thought

themselves more clever than their predecessor, and ordered the advertising stopped. In 1915 what was left of Pearline was bought by one of its competitors for a price which has been quoted as only twelve thousand dollars. The competitor who made the purchase has never faltered in his allegiance to advertising, which costs him much more than a million a year. Long ago he remarked, "If my factories were to burn down I could replace them, for I have built up in the public consciousness a knowledge of my products and a demand for them which would immediately fill new factories with orders. But let that public consciousness be destroyed and all my factories are only moldering piles of steel and brick."

Advertising is a powerful instrument in raising the standards of business practice and thought. This is its fifth and finest justification.

I HAVE traveled around among business men for a good many years and my opinion of them is high. They have a pride in their craft which goes far beyond the mere accumulation of money. They want the goods which they make and sell to be the best value that can be offered for the price.

But there is a big difference in *wanting* to make good goods and in *going on record publicly* about those goods—just as there is a great difference between wanting to give up liquor and standing up before a thousand people and taking the pledge.

Let a man formulate certain ideals for himself and announce them to the world over his own signature, and those ideals become a thousand times more powerful than if they had remained locked up inside his own consciousness.

Advertising is the voice of Business' better self. It is not content to speak of businesses as they are; constantly it is urging them to be something more and finer.

Every year the number of idealists in business increases. They see their work as a part of the great unfinished adventure—the creation of a civilization which shall make life better and freer and happier for the average man and woman than it has ever been before.

Already the record is thrilling. The motor car has banished distance and made men masters of space and time. Electricity is taking onto its tireless shoulders the petty routine tasks which used to wear lives out. The simplest home has conveniences which no palace could purchase a century ago.

These are the gifts of Business, and it has yet nobler gifts to bestow.

THE END

TITLES *and* TOURISTS

AT *the* COURT *of* ROME

Two Ceaseless Forces Beat Upon the American Ambassadress—the Briskness and Energy of America, the Stateliness and Glittering Pomp of the Italian Nobility. And Sometimes Rare Diplomacy Is Required to Make Them Mix!

THIS is the final article in a series written by Maude Parker Child, wife of Richard Washburn Child, former United States ambassador to Italy, in which Mrs. Child narrates some of her experiences at the Court of Rome. In this article Mrs. Child devotes most of her attention to the Americans visiting Rome and their attitude toward the American ambassador. Their views of the functions of an Embassy are often as amusing as they are at times embarrassing and disconcerting, and in general reflect their status in the social life in their own home cities or towns. But as a rule, Mrs. Child says, American tourists are the best mannered and behaved as well as the most considerate, to be found in the world. In fact, their high standard is rather emphasized by the contrast to be found occasionally in the tourist who is without good breeding and gentility.

A CRACKLING wood fire warms the Embassy library; my desk is discreetly placed between the fireplace and the long French windows opening into the court garden, through which the sunlight streams. There is a knock at the window; I gladly put down my pile of unopened letters. The smiling, red-cheeked gardener presents me, as he does every other day, with a bunch of fragrant violets, grown by him at home. We talk earnestly for a moment about the difficulty of growing sweet peas, then, refreshed by the glimpse of the budding mandarin trees and the purple wistaria climbing up the ancient gray walls of the palace, I go back to my mail.

"I am in Rome with my two daughters and a friend," runs the first letter. "We shall be here for three more days and I hope we may have the opportunity of meeting you and the ambassador. I am enclosing a letter of introduction from our mutual friend, Mrs. ———. Our days are quite full, but we have a free hour between five and six on Thursday."

I consult my engagement book. On Thursday at that hour I am attending a reception given by the Countess Macchi di Cellere—widow of the former Italian ambassador to Washington—on the occasion of the betrothal of her lovely young daughter. Following that, I am going to see Countess Gori-Mazzoleni, who presides brilliantly over the only "salon" of political influence remaining in Rome.

In the meantime my secretary has been searching our two card catalogues for the name of my correspondent.

"Oh, here it is!" she announced, holding up an engraved card which she has found in the pile on her desk. "She called yesterday, and I was about to send her an invitation to tea on Saturday. But she says she's leaving Friday."

"Then send an invitation to the ball Thursday. She will be glad to see Mussolini, and there will be dozens of young dukes and princes to dance with her daughters."

Having done so, my secretary then typed a card for my files with the tourist's name, address in Rome, and home address, if given, name of the person who had given her the letter of introduction, and added "invited to ball," with the date. When they left Rome, these typewritten cards were transferred from the active to the "dead" file.

"LOTS of 'H. E.'s' this morning," my secretary went on, handing me a pile of envelopes.

"H. E." (Her Excellency) placed before my name on the envelope denoted a sophisticated American or English correspondent. But the prefix "S. E." (*"Son Excellence"* in French or *"Sua Eccellenza"* in Italian) is used by all Europeans, and is usually followed, not by one's name, but by the title itself. My Italian mail would be addressed to *"Sua Eccellenza L' Ambasciatrice degli Stati Uniti"* (Her Excellency, the Ambassadress of the United States) and this form was often used in spoken presentations also.

Now for the next letter on hotel paper.

"Although I do not know you personally," it runs, "I trust you will arrange a private interview with the Pope for me. I want to see him entirely alone, as I believe I could interest him in birth control."

This startling letter is turned over to the head of the American College in Rome, where our Catholic priests are educated. This official takes excellent care of his numerous fellow-countrymen who desire to visit the Vatican.

The next is an "H. E." letter, from a charming American friend in Paris. "I am asking Mr. ——— to call upon your husband, for I know you will both enjoy him. He is a cowboy of extraordinary wit and perception, on his first trip to Europe. He is without education, and has such great natural intelligence that one is rather glad of it."

Of all the guests who came into the *Palazzo Orsini* while we had our Embassy there, no one proved more welcome than this tall, lean rancher, with keen and kindly blue eyes; our only regret was that he left Rome so soon.

An amusing contrast to the appreciation of our hospitality shown by the cowpuncher was furnished by another guest, who bears a dis-

He had gone back to the Queen Mother's palace to change into his uniform before he felt he could come on to the Embassy.

By MAUDE PARKER CHILD

Wife of the Former American Ambassador to Italy

Picture by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

tinguished name in one of our great Atlantic seaboard cities. As soon as the latter and his wife arrived in Rome, they left their cards and a letter of introduction at the Embassy. We were giving a dinner of twelve shortly, so I invited them and they accepted. But that evening as I looked down the table across the daffodils and shaded candles, I thought, in hostess-fashion, that this guest was enjoying his neighbors less than they merited. They were both unusually attractive American women whose husbands had distinguished themselves—one in a financial, and the other in an artistic, field.

WHEN the men rejoined us, after coffee, in the drawing room, the tourist came straight to me. We sat on a pale green satin damask sofa while he cross-examined me severely about life in Rome, particularly in regard to expense.

"They told me living was cheap here!" he complained. "But I haven't found it so. I live well, in the best neighborhood, at home, on ten thousand a year."

As he had a large family, I expressed surprise. I looked across at his pretty, well-dressed wife.

"Surely that doesn't include many such gowns?" I asked in my turn.

"No!" he snapped. "It does not! And she wouldn't have had to have that one if you hadn't asked us here. I wanted her to wait until we got to Florence, where things are cheaper, but when she got your note she said she hadn't anything she could wear. So I told her to buy a new dress."

He glared at the ten other guests, all of them, by chance, distinguished, but none of them dukes or princesses.

"Of course, as far as I knew," he finished, "it might have been a *swell* dinner!"

I felt as if I should offer to refund the price of her gown, but instead I murmured that for formal dinners I did not write personal notes, as I had in their case, but sent engraved invitations, at least two weeks in advance.

This experience, however, was memorable chiefly because it was unique. On the whole, the American tourists we met in Rome were extremely appreciative of any hospitality or kindness. In fact, after two and a half years of seeing a continuous stream of them, of all kinds and classes, and from all sections of the country, I have concluded that no people in the world have more innately good manners and true kindliness than American tourists.

THERE were occasionally people of another sort. I remember a couple, who arrived, armed—not with one letter of introduction to us—but three. As they came in the early autumn, before the beginning of the Roman "season"—which commences in December—we were able to entertain them more often than we ordinarily could. Commenting on it to other tourists, however, they said:

"Oh, well, that's what an American Embassy is for—to entertain traveling Americans."

There happened to be present the wife of one of our experienced diplomats, who was unable to restrain herself.

"That's the attitude which makes American tourists ridiculous!" she said. "If our Embassy is merely a social center for travelers, why do you suppose our government doesn't open them in all foreign cities? An ambassador is the personal envoy of the President to the King. His primary social obligations are to the Court, the other diplomats, and distinguished Italians. After that, if he chooses, out of the fullness of his heart and his own pocketbook, to entertain his fellow countrymen, he does so because he wants to. There is no definite obligation. No other diplomatic service in the world," she finished, "expects that one of its duties will be to provide wholesale entertainment for tourists."

As a matter of personal experience, I found it, not a duty, but a pleasure, to see my compatriots.

One of the most delightful of our distinguished guests was His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell. We invited to our dinner in his honor some of the greatest titles in Rome among the "Blacks," as they call the adherents to the sovereignty of His Holiness the Pope, rather than to His Majesty the King. Cardinal O'Connell is very popular in Rome, and all those invited accepted with alacrity. Moreover, they treated him with great deference, the women sweeping to the floor in low curtsies, and kissing his ring. One of the American women who failed to curtsey as she was greeted by him was soundly scolded by a great Roman Princess, blazing with diamonds as well as indignation.

The Italian King and Queen only dine at embassies when there are visiting sovereigns. Nor do the royal prince and princess attend parties outside the palace, but the handsome young Duke di Puglie and Duke di Spoleto, sons of the King's cousin, the Duke d'Aosta, gladden the hearts of all young feminine Rome by appearing at certain balls.

I was interested to see the difference in the attitude of the Italian girls and the American,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

when the Duke di Puglie came to one of our balls. Of course, all women curtsey to him, when they are presented, but except for this, the American girls treated him exactly as if he were any other attractive young man.

Late on this same occasion, after I had said good night to most of our four or five hundred guests, I was sitting in an outer drawing room, talking in a leisurely way, when suddenly three of my servants appeared in front of me greatly excited. They were followed by two young men in elaborate uniforms covered with decorations. The Italians who had been sitting next to me sprang to their feet and saluted ceremoniously. Fortunately, one of them whispered to me, "It's His Highness the Prince of Pistoia" (first cousin of the King).

WE went into the almost deserted ballroom, while he explained that he was late because he had dined with unofficial people, who were also giving a ball, and had gone back to the Queen Mother's palace, where he was staying, to change into his uniform before he felt he could come on to the Embassy.

One summer we had the unusual honor and even greater pleasure of entertaining, most informally at dinner, Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. We had rented a charming villa on the west coast of Italy where the sea bathing was delightful, and where we led the simplest sort of life, with tennis, swimming, and an occasional excursion by motor into near-by mountains where Carrara and other beautiful marbles are quarried. The Queen of the Belgians, to whom we had been presented in Rome, came to the hotel in this small resort with the Prince and Princess for a few weeks.

The King followed them, and they sent word by a lady-in-waiting that they would dine with us. I assumed they would bring several of their suite. but they said that they would come alone. It was, for us, a memorable evening. not because we were entertaining royalty, but because we had the privilege of talking and listening to two of the finest persons in Europe.

I have never seen a woman I admire more than the Queen of the Belgians. She not only has a wide range of interests, but has an extraordinary record of achievements in music, statecraft, nursing, and painting. She is a devoted mother—finds time to give the most understanding help to creative people of all kinds—plays excellent golf, and has sufficient interest to dress beautifully.

Among the charming women of Rome, the beautiful Donna Diana Pearcy deserves early mention. Her mother was an American, a famous beauty, who married the Marchese Theodoi of Rome, where Donna Diana has always lived. She has the grace and bearing which make some Italian women incomparable; she has the unusual combination of deep golden hair and brown eyes, and she has, also, as all women have whose loveliness endures, keen intelligence, and a certain innate wisdom.

Countess Martini Mariscotti, with black hair, deep blue eyes, and a merry smile, is a rarely lovely person; although she now has a daughter "out" in society, any man prefers to talk to her. She has a delightful sense of humor, but is never sharp, and, as in the case of Donna Diana, women also like her enthusiastically, and attribute her extraordinary charm to her character as much as to her beauty.

Her Majesty the Queen, who is herself very beautiful, has among her ladies-in-waiting some of the loveliest women of Italy. Donna Franca Floria, for instance, who represents Sicily at court, is always very striking. She is tall, dark, and animated, and her gowns and jewels are exceptionally beautiful. The last time I saw her at the royal palace, her black hair was almost covered by a magnificent diamond tiara and, among other jewels, she wore a rope of very large pearls which reached within a few inches of the hem of her sleeveless gown of peacock-blue velvet.

THE Marchesa Centurione and her niece, the Marchesa Guglieloni di Vulci, are two of the most thoroughly charming of Her Majesty's entourage. The Duchess of Laurenzana, in waiting from Naples, and the Countess Rignon, from Turin, are exceptionally delightful. Lady Marconi *(née* O'Brien) is one of the foremost beauties in this group, to which her lovely Irish coloring adds a piquant contrast.

At court functions, the Duchess d'Aosta is always a distinguished personage. Extremely tall and slender, she carries herself with such regal grace that when I first saw her, from a distance, dressed in mourning, with a small crêpe hat on her beautifully poised head, she reminded me irresistibly of that exquisite creature, a black swan.

But when one thinks of personal contacts in Rome, whether with the Italian nobility, diplomats, or one's own countrymen, there is ever present the added glamour of the place itself. The stabbing beauty of a dark pointed cypress tree against the coral-pink of the Campagna sky; the magnificent ballroom of an ancient palace; the courtyard of the Roman capitol itself, lighted by torches, when one king is entertaining another—all memory's roads lead to Rome.

THE END

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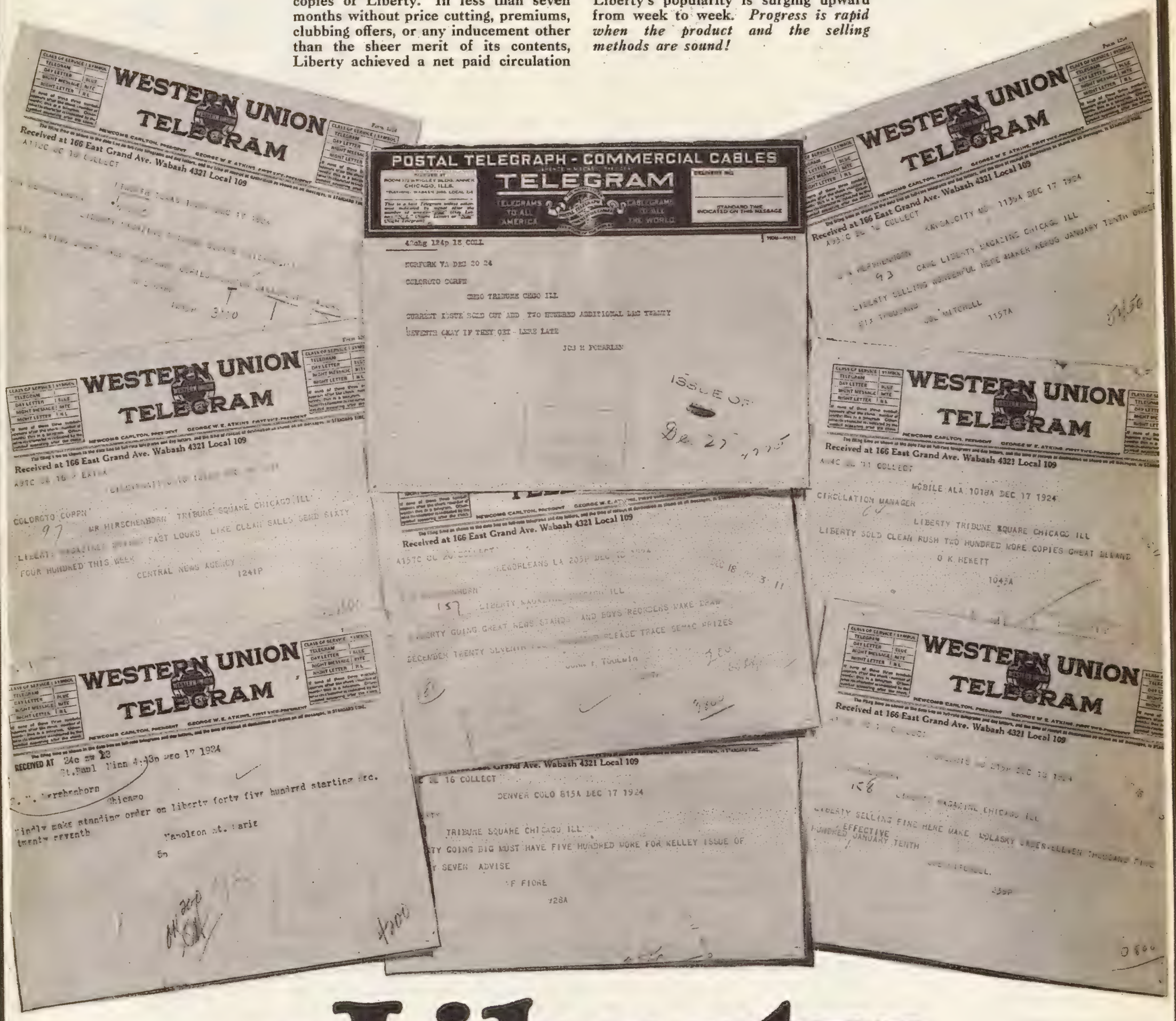

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White Pants WILLIE

A Serial by ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

WHO'S WHO *in the* THIRD INSTALLMENT

WILLIE BASCOM, a lovable, imaginative youth, in bitter revolt against Sloanestown, his birthplace. Set dreaming by the movies, he visions a glamorous outer world. Symbolic of his rebellion is his pair of white trousers, which he wears in defiance of local tradition. He is romantically in love with

JUDY WITT, a mild, wholesome, conventional girl, who fears his dreams and is shocked by the daring of his white trousers. When Willie, resplendent in the notorious pants, is on his way to propose to her he has to pass the garage dominated by

MOCK EPPLEY, a bullying garage hand, and Willie's cruel tormentor. Mock blackens his trousers and thrashes him unmercifully. The boy, planning revenge, takes boxing lessons. Meeting Mock, half drunk, Willie knocks him down. The garage worker's head strikes a hydrant, stunning him.

BUTCH HOUSER AND PEGLEG BRAY, garage helpers, tell Willie they're going to "frame" him by testifying that he hit Mock with a monkey wrench. Believing that he will be brought to trial, Willie determines to escape from Sloanestown with Judy, marry her, and take her with him to Palm Beach. But she refuses to elope when she finds that he has the famous white trousers in his valise. Willie then beats his way south, to Palm Beach, on freight trains. On that trip he has a glimpse, one evening, of a beautiful girl in a Pullman car. She is

HELEN CHARTERS, daughter of a millionaire stock broker. In Palm Beach Willie chances to meet her and guesses that she is in trouble. They are startled by the approach of a tall, gloomy-looking man—a stranger to Willie.

HELEN CHARTERS gazed with fierce defiance at a man who was approaching—a tall, saturnine man with a half-shaven upper lip. He bore down thunderously on her and Willie Bascom.

"Helen! Hiding out, are you? I've met every ferry——"

"Good heavens, Clem, can't I come over to West Palm Beach without asking you?"

"Without asking me? Yes. But without telling your father, or anybody else; without taking your car; slipping over on the ferry with a bag full of rings and bracelets——"

"Clem!" Her angry cry stopped him; for the first time he seemed to see Willie. His face grew darker still.

"This is Mr. Bascom," said Helen. "Mr. Bodine."

"I don't need to ask you to say nothing of what I let slip just now," said Bodine. "You'll excuse us now, I'm sure. I want to talk to Miss Charters."

"I happen to want to talk to Bill Bascom," said the girl.

Mr. Bodine's glance would, if it could, have pushed Willie clear off the dock and into the lake; but Willie warmed with the conviction that it saw nothing in him to which objection might be offered, except that he was there when Mr. Bodine wished him elsewhere.

"What you have to say to him will keep," said Bodine. "What I have to say to you won't."

"I see you've been talking to my maid already," said Helen angrily. "She's the only one that knew I was taking my jewels. Bribed her, didn't you? Bribed her and pumped her dry? I'll fire her——"

"Don't fire her. She's a sensible girl. Besides, if you fired her your father would find out."

"Doesn't he know now? Didn't he send you?"

"No. I found you gone this morning, so I talked to your maid. She won't talk to anybody else. Your father doesn't know and if you take my advice he never will know. Now you see why I want to talk to you alone. Mr. Bascom——"

"Stay here," said Helen sharply; her hand, on the bench between them, was clinging desperately to Willie's. Bodine glared, bared his teeth, then shrugged in acquiescence.

"They're *my* jewels," she said sullenly. "And I'm nineteen. I can pawn them if I want

"But if you pawn them in West Palm Bea will get around—everything does. Servants hear it and tell it. Your father will find He's furious already because your roulette l run to a few hundred a night. If he finds how much you lost last night he'll be more ous still."

"But," she protested, "after we've had terrible quarrels about my playing, the one t that would simply drive him wild would be to that I owed twenty-two thousand—what call a debt of honor—and couldn't pay."

WILLIE resisted a strong impulse to tak his hat with a reverent bow. This girl only nineteen, yet she'd lost twenty-two thou dollars at roulette in a single night. She di things in a big way.

"I suppose you've run through your a ance?" Bodine suggested.

"You've been spoiled. If you have to get your excitement out of sharks and roulette in this exciting world——"

THE Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

Twenty-five hundred a month! What's that?"

Not enough for you," he conceded. "But he'll
er know, unless you spread the news by pawn-
your jewels. Plenty of people saw you plung-
on nineteen and twenty-nine at the Chance
b last night, but nobody knows how deep you
t in except me and Dudley Hills."

You wouldn't know if I hadn't told you," she
ected. "Fool!"

he was staring dully at the sparkling water;
line was staring greedily at her. It was well
t neither of them looked at Willie, choking
n his amazement at the sound of that name.
dley Hills, who had worn white pants in
anestown thirty years ago; who had taken to
nk and gone East—— It might be another
ley Hills, of course; but the name wasn't
mon, and Willie remembered that you're
ly to meet almost anybody on the Florida
t Coast.

Hills won't tell," Bodine resumed, "and I won't tell. I suppose you can see that Mr. Bascom doesn't—or, if you can't, I will."

"Try it," said Willie softly. "But for Miss Charters, of course——"

She nodded.

"He won't tell. But, Clem, I've always paid my debts——"

"Wise people don't pay their debts. They cover their margins and hang on till their luck breaks right. That's what your father, short on a rising market, is doing now. I can show you how to do the same . . . . But, really, this is more or less private——"

Again his glance stabbed at Willie; she shook her head.

"No, Clem, I talk business to you only before witnesses."

"All right," he said savagely. "I can't afford your father's Napoleonic tricks on the market, so I've got some money on hand. I can lend you twenty-two thousand——"

"So could Dad, if I dared ask him."

"Could he? I know as much about his business as he does, remember. He's in a pretty tight jam just now. But I can afford it."

"Yes, but you'd——"

"I wouldn't," he promised softly.

"How could I pay you back?"

"Wait. Maybe something will break right."

"The wheel? But you'd make me stop playing."

"I'd make you stop playing crazy roulette—plunging as you did last night on nineteen and twenty-nine because it was the twenty-ninth of December and your nineteenth birthday. But if you've got the patience I'll teach you a system that will make money, even if it doesn't break the bank."

"REALLY?" Her sudden leaping eagerness, the avid flame in her eyes, gave Willie a cold sensation of vague defeat. "Is it sure?"

"Mathematically sure," he promised.

"Then"—she paused, uncertain—"how does the house stay in business?"

"Because not many people know it, and still fewer can play it. But I'll teach you—if you'll let me cover your debts. If you don't, if you pawn your jewels, you've sunk all you've got. Then you'd have to quit——"

She shivered with a long, tremulous sigh.

"I suppose so. . . . All right, Clem—and thanks. You've always been good to me—and I'm usually mean to you. Sorry."

"My car's across the street," he told her. "We'll drive back and cook up a story for your father. Mr. Bascom——"

"He's safe," said Helen. "I'll join you in a moment, Clem."

Reluctantly Bodine moved down the dock; Helen held out her hand.

"Sorry I got you into this," she said, softly. "But I was scared. I've been scared ever since I quit playing at four o'clock this morning and found out how much I'd lost. I haven't slept a wink. I thought Dad had sent Clem after me—but, you see, everything's all right now."

Willie wasn't so sure of this, but he nodded.

"And you'll come to see me?" He nodded again. Though he didn't see how he could keep

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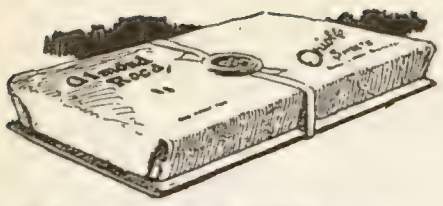

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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

this up much longer, he was certainly going to try.

"Good-by," she said, with the topaz smile once more alight in her eyes.

"Miss Charters!" His voice was low, too low to reach the ears of the waiting Bodine. "Who is Dudley Hills?" Her face darkened.

"Dudley Hills is the manager of the Chance Club—the man who holds my I O U's for twenty-two thousand dollars."

II.

SO, the next thing was to find Dudley Hills—find out if the Dudley Hills of Palm Beach were the Dudley Hills of Sloanestown. Even if he were, Willie hardly knew how that would profit him. This moment or the next his house of cards would come tumbling down. But the white pants had carried him this far, and it was a long way from Sloanestown. He'd crowd his luck.

A long, white beach spread out before him, but the crowd was gathering around a domed building of pink stucco, off to the right. He fell in with them, followed them to the promenade above the crowded beach, flattering himself that he looked like all the rest—till, observing with a sharper eye, he discovered one trait that set him off from the other men.

He was young.

His rare gift of youth, the rarer gift of grace—above all, the arching black eyebrows—made him conspicuous. He found women's eyes turning toward him, lingering on him, ready to respond to a sign of recognition.

They swarmed on the promenade, on the sands that were almost hidden by gayly clad, seated groups—men and women in bathing suits or in sports clothes, squatting on the beach in front of the long row of reclining chairs. He joined them, looking for a vacant spot big enough to sit down, and found it, finally, when a couple rose to go back to the promenade.

Hastily he slipped into the sandy nook they had vacated, and felt, as he sat down, something hard beneath him. He thrust down a hand and found himself clutching a half dollar, evidently dropped by the man who had just departed. Too late to catch him, now—he was lost in the crowd.

Willie lit a cigarette with the conviction that Florida had given him a token of approval, a promise of good luck. Half a dollar isn't much, but it is a good deal more than nothing.

His search could wait while he watched Palm Beach amusing itself; yet, before long, he began to wonder if these people didn't come here mainly in the hope of being photographed for the papers. Camera men were darting about, posing groups, holding up single strollers. Presently, two of them paused behind him, and as he realized that one of them was a newcomer, being oriented by a veteran of the beach, he listened intently.

"Yes, that's Otto Kahn over there; and the big fellow talking to him is Coleman du Pont. Flo Ziegfeld bending over the purple parasol—I can't see the woman. The tall blonde in the green bathing suit is Lady Dimity—came over with the Prince of Wales' party. The fellow looking out to sea with the field glasses—that's Phil Charters, the Chicago broker."

Willie's eyes searched and found him—a red-faced man with curly gray hair; and beside him was the saturnine, swarthy Mr. Bodine.

"Who?" resumed the voice behind him. "Oh, that's Clem Bodine—Charters' 'yes man.' Sort of general factotum—he's been down here since September, handling Charters' Florida real estate deals. . . . Who? Why, that's Peggy Joyce, the incomparable Peggy. . . . That guy? Yes, I know he looks like a grand duke, but he isn't. That's only Dudley Hills of the Chance Club. Oh, yes, everybody's friendly with him. They have to be. What he doesn't know about the real inside of Palm Beach——"

With an air of bored indifference Willie rose and began to make his way through the crowd toward the man they had pointed out—a tall, heavy man in a gray cap and coat and white flannel trousers. White hair showed under the cap, but his eyebrows were black as Willie's own—heavy and black and level. Not a face to be forgotten—but it had been forgotten in Sloanestown tradition, which preserved only the memory of the white pants.

THE crowd was thick; when Willie had at last regained the promenade, Hills was gone. More depressed than he would have admitted, he looked helplessly up the terrace—and his eyes lighted as he saw a girl coming toward him—Helen Charters, in a blue-green frock and hat and stockings, walking between two portly, gray-haired men in golf clothes, whom she abandoned when she saw Willie. They stared at him in surprise, the chill disdain of wealth and eminence slowly giving way to the weak enviousness of age before triumphant youth.

"I told you you should always wear blue," said Willie.

"Always is a big word," she protested, "but I do look rather well in it, don't I?" His eager eyes consumed her; she flushed faintly.

"Don't you swim?" he asked.

"Certainly I swim. I don't lie around in front of the Casino in a ruffled bathing suit and long stockings. I swim up the beach, in front of our house—where I can go out a couple of miles."

"Aren't there sharks?"

"I've never seen one. And if you're going to be tiresome like father and Clem, and say I ought to be afraid of them—why, it would be real excitement to meet a twelve-foot shark two miles out."

He sighed.

"Poor child, you've been spoiled. If you have to get your excitement out of sharks and roulette in this exciting world——"

"What do you find so exciting?" she challenged him.

"Why," said Willie, "I find it exciting just to be in Florida, considering what winter is like back home. But, then, this is my first visit——"

"Oh, you'll keep on coming. Everybody comes to Palm Beach."

A group of women swept down on them; there was chatter about a lunch.

"I've got to go," she told him. "But I'm going swimming at four. Will you come?"

"If I can."

"Afraid of the sharks?"

"No, but"—his grin broke out—"I doubt if I could swim two miles."

"You're the first man of your age that ever admitted that. Usually they give out half way and I have to tow them back to shore. Aren't you honest!"

"Sometimes," said Willie.

"Well, come if you can and we'll swim as far as you like. Maybe we can find some sharks."

III.

SO the house of cards rose higher; somehow it held its balance still. Fiercely resolute, he marched away up the promenade. His luck still held. For Dudley Hills was getting into a wheel chair just beyond the Casino.

"Mr. Hills!" Level black eyes looked at Willie—calm eyes that seemed motionless, yet saw everything.

"Yes?" said Hills, pleasantly.

"Did you come from Sloanestown, Illinois?"

Dudley Hills jumped out of his chair, beckoned Willie aside with an imperious gesture. The black eyes glowed; Hills' hands hung empty at his sides, yet Willie felt as if he were covered by a gun.

"What's that to you?" said Hills, softly. "Answer quick!"

Willie had never been so scared in his life—not even when he fought Mock Eppley. But he knew he mustn't seem scared.

"You had a pair of white pants," he said, coolly. "The first white pants they ever saw in Sloanestown. Then you went away. I know why you went away, because I had the second pair of white pants in Sloanestown."

Hills burst into silent laughter.

"I'd almost forgotten those pants in thirty years, but you're right. They saved my soul; they made me leave Sloanestown. . . . And who are you?"

Willie's eyes turned to the negro

"Did you come from Sloanestown, Illinois?"

hunched over the waiting wheel chair; Hills flung the boy a dollar.

"Never mind, Pete; we're walking. . . . Now. Who are you?"

"My name's Bascom—Bill Bascom. Maybe you knew my father. He used to drive the oil wagon—the red one. Texas Company."

"Mort Bascom? Of course I knew him. Used to go swimming with him when we were kids. How is he?"

"Dead," said Willie. "He and Mom, too."

"I never thought Mort would leave any money," said Hills, "but he must have. You're too young to have earned it."

"I was in the bank for a while," said Willie. "But I—I kind of outgrew Sloanestown."

"I SHOULD hope so," Hills groaned. "What a hole! So they still talk about my white pants, eh? Who?"

"Oh, Turpie Witt, and Ma Lydig, where I used to board——"

"Turpie Witt was always a fool," said Hills, calmly. "Ma Lydig? Oh! Lizzie Wyatt that was?"

Willie nodded.

"Lizzie Wyatt!" said Hills. "Well, well! Yes, I used to wear them when I took her buggy riding. . . . So you wore them, too—in Sloanestown. Have they loosened up any, in thirty years?"

"Not a bit. So I finally decided to come to Florida, where they don't worry about trifles."

"Then you've come to the wrong place, son. Most people in Palm Beach—not all, but most—worry a hell of a lot about trifles: whether Mrs. This or Lord That will be seen speaking to them in the Casino or the Coconut Grove; whether they'll get invited to somebody's dinner; whether the little ball will drop into this slot or that one. But, Lord, what a gold mine it is for the ones that don't worry about trifles. . . . What are you here for? Just to fool around, I suppose—golf and swimming? Got plenty of money? You'll need it."

Willie surmised that it paid to be truthful with Dudley Hills. He took his half dollar from his pocket, spun it in the air.

"That," he said. "That's all. And I found that on the beach."

Hills stared at him in respectful amazement.

"All? My God! . . . Wait a minute. Have you been playing roulette?"

"No. I just got in this morning."

"How much did you have when you left Sloanestown?"

"Sixteen dollars. I traveled by the side-door Pullman."

"And you came here—*here*—white pants and all. Son, a kid with your nerve will end in the White House or the hoosegow. . . . But why did you come to me? Want to borrow money?"

"No, sir! I thought maybe you could tell me the lay of the land, that's all. I don't need to borrow money so long as there are free oranges in the hotel lobbies, and real estate firms give you a lunch for looking at their property."

"My God!" said Hills. "Where will you sleep?"

"Oh, I'll figure that out somehow," said Willie, confidently.

"Son," said Hills, cheerfully, "I must know you. I don't know where you're headed for, but I never saw anybody who was more certainly on his way. Let the real estate firms alone today; come over and lunch with me at the Chance Club, and we'll see what's what."

It was such a lunch as Willie hadn't eaten since his trip to Chicago—lunch that poured confidence and courage back into his half-starved body. Moreover, all about him men and women bowed with respect at Dudley Hills, who was neither dead nor in the gutter, despite the opinion of Sloanestown. What Hills had done Willie Bascom might do. So he told his story, over coffee and a panetela—all of it but the finished chapter that dealt with Judy Witt, and the scarcely commenced chapter of Helen Charters.

"But," said Hills, "if you've got nine hundred dollars in the bank——"

"IN the savings department," Willie reminded him. "I brought my pass book with me, so I could check it out; but if I did that they'd know where I was, and they might telegraph to the Palm Beach police."

"They might," Hills agreed. "That would be like Sloanestown—too lazy to go after a man they wanted, but willing to take him if somebody else caught him. What do you figure on doing in Florida? What can you do?"

"I believe I could sell real estate."

"You've got the front, as I said, and that's ninety-five per cent," Hills repeated. "Anybody can get a license to deal in real estate."

"But you have to have more than half a dollar, to start," Willie objected. Hills laughed.

"Oh, I'm going to cash your check for nine hundred dollars."

"Why?" Willie asked, not much excited, because it seemed too good to be true. There was a bite in it, somewhere.

"Because I'm a gambler. Because I've had to know an honest man from a crook, a clever man from a dub. I believe you're honest, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"If you think you can live up to about eight thousand dollars worth of antique furniture——"
"Just watch me!" said Willie.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

I believe you've got the stuff. Because there's a lot of easy money being made here, and you might as well get in on it. Above all, because we both got out of Sloanestown. I know what you've run away from, and I want to help you stay away."

"I'd go back with handcuffs on, if you cashed the check."

"I'd fix that. I'd indorse it as the Chance Club—not as Dudley Hills—no use tipping off Sloanestown to the Old Home Week among the exiles; and then I send the check, and your passbook, to be collected in due course by a friend of mine at Havana—or New York, if you'd rather, or San Diego. But, Bascom, there's just one string on this offer. You've got to make me one promise. Don't play roulette."

"That's easy. I never even saw a roulette wheel."

"Well, I'll take you into the next room presently and show you half a dozen, so you'll know what they look like, and won't let one of them slip up and bite you when you're not looking. You can watch them play here; you can buy meals here; but you can't play roulette or any other game here. This is a game of chance—in this house, anyway—and I'm not fool enough to lend you money to play against me. Also, the odds being in my favor, your nine hundred probably wouldn't last long. Are you on?"

"I promise," said Willie.

"Fine. You'd be a fool to gamble, anyway. Your advantage is in your front and your manner. That's worth a lot in real estate, but it won't bluff the roulette wheel. It took me twenty-five years to learn that it pays better to be the house than to buck the house; but I am certainly cashing in on that discovery now. This is an honest game. My only advantage is the zero—about one and a half per cent. But it's made me rich. These people don't give a damn—come in here every night, plunging like fools—silly girls in their 'teens dropping twenty thousand in a night——"

"I suppose if a girl does that once you keep her out after that," Willie suggested.

"Keep her out? Why should I? I'm nobody's guardian. If their fathers can't keep them at home why should I worry? And if anybody wins twenty thousand—which happens often enough—have I got any comeback? Not a bit."

"Does anybody ever try a system?"

"Systems? The woods are full of 'em. Not like Monte Carlo, of course, where a lot of pikers make a system their religion; the people I get here are mostly rich and play their fancies. But in the course of a winter I see all the systems in the world working against me—Alembert, Beresford, Paroli, Labouchère, Dutch Professor—all of them. Yet I'm still in business and paying a stiff surtax."

"Then there's no system that's mathematically sure?"

"Dozens. But they're all psychologically rotten. They all mean capital and patience—slow play for a little money. Who wants to win a little money? Sooner or later they all get sore and start plunging. A system is the surest road to hell. I've been on both ends, son. I know."

"WELL, I'm not playing, anyway," said Willie. "Now—I'll need some more clothes. All I've got is what I've got on. Luckily I've got the sort of figure that will carry a ready-to-wear suit. I suppose I could fit myself out across the lake—dress clothes and all—for about three hundred."

"Leaving six hundred," said Hills. "Well, it's your money."

"And I've got to have clothes," Willie reminded him. "Now as to a place to live—I hear the Poinciana and Breakers are full——"

Hills stared at him.

"Son, do you know what it costs to live at those hotels?"

"Quite a lot, I suppose," Willie conceded. "But it seems to me that the way to make the money is to go where the money is. I don't want to live in West Palm Beach."

Hills laughed.

"That's the spirit. Look here, there's no use your paying twenty dollars a day in an American plan hotel. I know a jewel of an apartment—three rooms and bath, right around the corner from the Everglades Club. It—well, between you and me, I rented it for a girl who came down here before Christmas. Nothing sentimental—she was out to pick up a rich husband, and I was staking her, to be repaid with interest.

"But the damn little fool got impatient. When the fish was slow to bite she took to shoplifting and got shipped back to New York. So I've got the apartment on my hands—rent paid for the season. Nobody but the renting agent knows it's mine. I could get twenty-five hundred for the lease, of course—but—hell, I like your looks. If you think you can live up to about eight thousand dollars worth of antique furniture——"

"Just watch me!" said Willie.

Willie Bascom: friend of millionaires—smiled upon by the loveliest girl in all Palm Beach! How Fate sets out to make him a plunger in dizzy high finance is told in the fourth sparkling installment, in next week's issue.

Where Can You Work Best?

By FRANK CONDON

IS IT Better to Be in New York, Where You Are Uncomfortable but Industrious; Chicago, Where You Get a Lot Done Because You Are So Miserable, or California, Where Every Prospect Pleases and Your Mental Valves Close Up at 3 P. M. Daily?

Pictures by WALTER JACK DUNCAN

I HAVE been rambling around these United States of America for a number of years in search of what you might term the Intellectual Arcadia or the Elysium of Energy, or anything else that suits your fancy and that means, briefly, the idyllic spot where you reach your Peak Production.

It has been discovered by myself, and others, that a person generally feels sure he can work harder and better and with less effort, if he will go away from wherever he happens to be and attack his job under the stimulating influence of new scenery, new climate, strange automobile signs, and unfamiliar police uniforms.

There is a certain amount of sophistry in this belief. Change is good for the worker, be he either a captain of industry or the artistic soul who carves little wooden ships to put in bottles, but when you eventually find yourself spending most of your time on railway trains, the theory of fresh pastures breaks down.

Six years ago I decided to find out whether there was anything to all this talk about California. Charles E. Van Loan lived in California and worked prodigiously, and I fancied if I journeyed to the land of the orange grove and the stucco house, perhaps I might corral some of the Van Loan energy.

In New York I was turning out from forty to fifty short stories every year, and they were all short, without doubt, but there was considerable speculation as to whether they were stories.

At any rate, to California I went, found a lovely bungalow, with a velvety lawn, flowers in the back yard, a beautiful little workroom decorated with blue duck eggs on the ceiling, and looking out upon the sacred hills of California. There was a polished table for my typewriter and a comfortable chair before it, and outside my window the poinsettias bloomed and the perfumed breath of the Southland laved me as I worked. And during one year, one solid year, in that perfect setting, I painfully brought forth four short stories.

In New York I was accustomed to a small room, a radiator with a fretful nozzle, and the view of a brick wall adorned by four chimneys and a rusty fire escape.

In New York I was accustomed to a small room, a radiator with a fretful nozzle, and the view of a brick wall adorned by four chimneys and a rusty fire escape. In California, Nature sat at my side, bearing her sweetest gifts. Forty short stories in New York. Four in California. Figure it out yourself, with a pencil or without.

Being curious about the fall in production and thinking perhaps it was my own native laziness asserting itself, I inquired diligently of other men and women who wrote, and I learned the same facts from one and all. California, the finest land in the known world, ruins production. It undermines energy, atrophies ambition, sings its siren song of *mañana* from morn till night, and gradually brings a strong, purposeful white man into the low mental estate of a Honduras peon.

THESE are harsh things to say of God's country, but I am fortified with facts. New York is uncomfortable and only a New Yorker can be happy in New York, yet when it comes to effort, mental or physical, one is bound to admit that he can do, in New York, the same quantity and quality of work in a month that he can do in southern California in six months; and maybe I mean seven or eight.

California would deny this indignantly, and point to such men as Frank Norris, Van Loan, Jack London; and such women as Gertrude Atherton and Kathleen Norris, all marvelous producers, who moved on vigorously year after year with never a letup. These people were of the North, where the salt wind whips in from San Francisco Bay, with the exception of Van Loan, and he spent a part of each year, where? In New York.

In southern California your mental valves close precisely on the stroke of three o'clock each afternoon despite your earnest effort to go on working. You may have had a fine night's rest. Your breakfast may have been scientifically correct and perfectly digested. Yet, at three o'clock your eyelids are heavy and you doze, give up the job, and hope for an energetic tomorrow.

A New York day is punctuated by little dots of energy, most of them coming from the outside. You rise at eight. At nine your telephone rings and a publisher, or an editor, or an agent begins talking to you briskly about a certain piece of work that had completely slipped your mind.

"Can you have that done by Thursday?" he asks, his tone indicating that if you don't have it done by Thursday you are a shameless loafer and fit for nothing but a seat on the poorhouse steps.

"Well, I hope so," you reply.

Later on, he rings you up again, inquiring

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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FOR WINTER THIRST

Coca-Cola is enjoyed by millions throughout the winter - Thirst is discriminating.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

further. Your pride eventually overcomes your natural desire to avoid work in any form; you hurry out after your wool-gathering wits, whip them into the harness, and, presto, the work is done, and it is Thursday.

In California, on the other hand, when you have a job of work to be done, your telephone remains perfectly silent. No one bothers you with harsh requests; no one demands that you sit down and labor.

YOU rise at nine or ten, after a hearty night's slumber, eat a pleasant breakfast with all the windows open and the breeze blowing gently, and after the second cup of coffee, you remark to the wife:

"This is certainly a wonderful day, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replies, worrying immediately over the familiar shadings she notices in your tone. "I hope, I do hope, you are going to work today."

"I certainly am," you say. "As soon as I finish this newspaper I'll be at it."

"You didn't do anything yesterday," she chides.

"I know it," you reply. "But today is the big day."

You finish the newspaper. You rise, stretch luxuriously, look with mingled repugnance and horror at your covered typewriter, and walk out into the yard to examine the weather at closer range. You discover that the Creator of the world never made a finer day for a game of golf. In one hour, you calculate, looking at your watch with intense preoccupation, the boys will be gathering at the clubhouse and little groups will be drifting up to Tee No. 1. You walk guiltily into the house, defy your wife, get your golf things, step into your automobile, and depart; and that day slips gently into the past.

Probably you shoot a dismal ninety-five, and return home full of determination to go back to the course on the morrow and discover exactly what is wrong with your game. Mayhap you go round in a brilliant eighty.

Your dinner that night is an amiable feast, marked entirely by your own discussion, in which you tell your wife the full story of your drives, your perfect putts, your marvelous ability with the brassie; and she listens, not absorbed, as you believe, but saddened by the obvious fact that she is married to a man who will never work again. That is, he never will work again, unless he goes to New York, or Buffalo, or Chicago.

And speaking of Chicago, I wish to announce that in all America there is no finer place to be and live, if one is honest in his desire to work. A man or woman can do more work in Chicago, work of a creative character, and better work, than anywhere else in the land of the Star-Spangled Banner. I have investigated this phenomenon, inquired of a great number of people, and discovered why it is so.

First, the climate is ideal, if one is considering toil. A person sensitive to his externals is so completely unhappy in Chicago that he will gladly lock himself up in a room, any sort of room, draw the curtains, close the blinds, shut out the city entirely from his consciousness, and seek refuge in hard, steady production.

If he is writing a play, Chicago is the place to write it. If he has a hundred thousand-word novel to complete, let him take train at once for the metropolis of the Middle West, rent a dingy suite of rooms in a dingy office building, and be sure that his book will come from his fingers in record time.

Julian Johnson once told me that he was always so ineffably miserable in Chicago that he found it easy to write, a delightful task, and that his dolors and wretchedness returned the moment he ceased working and walked abroad, or looked down from the windows upon the uneasy ferment that Chicago people think is life.

George Ade wrote more columns of words in Chicago than he has ever written anywhere else. Finley Peter Dunne sat at a desk within sight of the lake and did what he did. Theodore Dreiser put pen to paper with the Loop trains assaulting his eardrums, and the pages grew into many volumes.

I could go on indefinitely in proof of the theory that Chicago is good for authors, but this is, in the main, a comparison of New York and California.

A FAMOUS New York newspaper man, almost good enough to be called a journalist, gave up his job and signed with a motion picture corporation at three hundred a week. They moved him to Hollywood, where he found the usual bungalow, bought the usual car, joined the usual golf club, and employed the usual Jap to keep the lawn tidy. In New York he ran a column in the morning paper, wrote two books a year, contributed to the glazed-paper magazines with the veil-draped nude on the cover, and otherwise comported himself as a diligent and ambitious man.

In Hollywood, his hours at the studio were from ten to five, and, as he told me with sparkling eyes, he meant to write a novel that for five years had lain dormant, ripening, until now it was ready for the hand of the reaper.

"Splendid," I said. "When are you going to write it?"

"Nights," he replied. "In New York I invariably worked after dinner, sometimes till early morning. Here, I have easier hours, and it will be nothing at all to drive home, eat a light dinner, and work, say from eight till twelve."

"You ought to have it done in

six months," I remarked, knowing I was lying, because I had been in California six years, and he had been there three weeks, at that time.

"Four months," he corrected me.

Well, that novel is still ripe for the hand of the reaper. Not a line has been written. Nothing has been written, not even a piece for the shiny magazines, and the stunned journalist sits at his desk in the studio, loafs unhappily along through the day, loafs home to dinner, sits in a plush chair, and talks in an awed, uneasy manner of the grim tragedy that has overtaken him.

"What is it?" he asked me petulantly. "Why can't I work out here? I *want* to work. I suffer all sorts of agonies, as the weeks go by. What's the answer?"

"California," I said loftily. "I knew you'd never do it. Nobody ever does anything out here. Hollywood is a Niagara of warm water, quenching forever the flames of ambition."

"Then," he said, "I am going back where I belong. I shall give up this three hundred-dollar job and go back to New York, where a man can be a man."

"No, you won't," I answered. "The same *dolce far niente* that keeps you from working here will likewise keep you from buying railway tickets to New York; from giving up your home and your flowers and packing your trunks. Until you are brutally discharged by your corporation, you will remain here, another sad little victim of the most beautiful climate in the world."

IN my own case, I have found the perfect solution. You take one heaping teaspoonful of southern California, and one tablespoonful of New York, not quite so heaping, pour into a bowl and stir slowly. In May of each year, no matter how luxuriously lazy you feel in the shadow of the Hollywood hills, no matter how excellent your game has become through diligent and daily playing, you grasp yourself firmly, pack your bags, step aboard the overland flyer and telegraph a New York hotel to reserve room and bath.

As the train leaves Los Angeles, you draw forth a small typewriter and begin working, and upon arriving in New York you have a complete piece of work, ready to sell, if your luck holds.

You remain in your hotel room during the lovely months of May and June, conferring with as many editors as you can inveigle into taking you to lunch. You promise to write steadily and unwaveringly all summer long, six stories for this magazine, four for that and so on, arranging, of course, more work than twelve men can do in two years, but somehow pleased with yourself, fancying yourself actually at work, when you are merely talking of work.

In the late days of June you return to the land of milk and honey, full of splendid enterprise. Your first week at home is marked by feverish and sustained effort, and you bang the words down on the paper with vicious and prideful emphasis.

The second week you let up slightly, and begin playing golf. The rest of the summer passes pleasantly, and now and then, when you feel a bit brisk, you read over the uncompleted thing you started during the first week, and promise yourself to finish it some day.

Early in September, preferably about the tenth, is the time to pull yourself again out of the slough of inactivity and return to New York for the fall business.

Again your typewriter, or your pen, or your brush goes into action, and you begin to be what the economists call a visible support. By remaining in the metropolis until Christmas and absorbing its energy, soaking in so many watts per day and giving forth so many amperes yourself, you have a highly creditable record of things done when the first snow flies. You then return to California, where you are pitied by the residents, who cannot understand why a sane adult should ever want to leave God's finest State.

A man should have finished up whatever work he is going to do in this world by the time he is sixty years of age, even if he is an author. Authors should not be permitted to write anything after passing that age, although there is nothing in the Constitution about it now.

Upon reaching sixty, every man and woman east of the Mississippi River should go to southern California, join a country club, buy a good brand of artery softener, and settle down to enjoy the next thirty years in the open air.

CALIFORNIA is the grandest country in the world to die in. Almost every male citizen lives to be ninety-three and the females reach ninety-five. Three hundred Fords slide down the long Cajon grade every day into the San Berdoo Valley, heading for Los Angeles, and all of them contain Iowa citizens who have made their pile and intend to work no more.

For two years I have been wondering when I would write this little sidelight upon California. Recently I arrived in New York. At this moment I am in the little room, gazing out upon the faded brick wall with the broken chimneys and the rusty fire escape, and there's your answer.

Of course, I realize that my gang at the California Country Club is just about finishing lunch, and old Doc Cook is hunting profanely for new balls at the bottom of his bag. . . . The wine of vaulting ambition courses through one's veins under the magic touch of the city's fingers. . . . Great is the metropolis, magnificent its virility, and its ceaseless energy is a gift from the gods, but, after all, it is rather pleasant out where the orange perfume rises and the eucalyptus whispers in the breeze.

They say, here in New York, that you can telephone downtown and the railway clerk will hold your reservation until you call. Boy, see what you can get in the way of a lower berth.

THE END

In southern California your mental valves close up precisely and on the stroke of three o'clock each afternoon.

With the Persuasion of a Thais, the Dash of a Carmen, and the Assurance of a Cleopatra—

MARY GARDEN
Tells Her Middle Name

A Sprightly Interview in Which the Diva Comments on People and Pounds and Prejudices, and Concludes That Her Notion of Something to See Is a Good-Looking Leg in a Black Silk Stocking!

By GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK

P. & A. Photo.

MARY GARDEN

MARY GARDEN doesn't ever want to die. She hasn't the courage to elope. And she's never been bored in her life. She told me so, herself.

These are only three of a number of perennial revelations she'd like to "spill into a tomb" every so often, on the same principle that others go to the confessional.

But because Miss Garden realizes the confession is meant for the "priest," the *tombeau*, or that rare person (one or two, maybe three, in a lifetime) in whom one can really confide, there were still many things the diva left unsaid.

Still, Miss Garden did have some interesting things to say about black silk stockings and legs; love arias and garlic for dinner. And she chatted a bit about murderers, and of food calories. For instance:

The prima donna who managed other prima donnas during her two years as director general of the Chicago Civic Opera Company (the only woman in America ever to have held such a position) isn't afraid of temperamental tenors, property men, or mice. She doesn't tremble at music critics or their criticisms. Thunderstorms, rival sopranos, and burglars! They hold no terrors for her.

But she's very much afraid of dying.

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference how old I am," Mary Garden explains. "All this talk about being ready to die is bosh, ridiculous twaddle, so far as I am concerned. I'll never be ready. When I am ready to die, I am dead.

"Suppose my teeth do fall out, and my hair. What if I don't see very well? And nobody wants to listen to me talk, much less sing! Still I want to be alive and living."

Then, with exhilaration:

"Why, it's the most glorious thing in life, this being alive," and she smiles a bit at her own paradox.

"Who was it," she muses, "who wanted to 'live to be a burden'? Not a very noble idea, surely, but a very human one. At least I can understand it perfectly."

And when Mary Garden, with the persuasion of a *Thaïs*, the dash of a *Carmen*, and the assurance of a *Cleopatra*, in a rush of gesture and smile and word, takes you into her confidence, it's not difficult for you to "understand it perfectly."

Next to dying, as a test of bravery, the former impresario places an elopement.

"Running away and getting married! *Mon Dieu*, I envy anyone brave enough to do that," she says.

And the singer-actress who has interpreted a dozen rôles of impassioned ladies who have sacrificed all to flee with their lovers, looks as appalled as if the eloping flapper were going to a battle trench instead of the office of a justice of the peace.

AND she shudders at the courage which, she says, it must take to be governed "by the heart alone," and to forget "whatever the head might say."

"Marvelous!" she exclaims, intoning the adjective slowly.

"But I couldn't do it," she adds. "I'd always stop and think of tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. By that time it would be too late."

A bit of dissection of her own rôle as she reflects:

"Me. I wonder now who could sweep me off my feet like that—to make me elope. What kind of a man would he be? Many different kinds, I fancy."

Then, with glee: "And how Mamma and my sister would laugh at me when I brought *him* home, after the way I have talked. Yes, they'd certainly be interested."

MARY GARDEN, for the moment, dismissed loves and turned to likes. In fact, she has so many likes and preferences and interests that she wonders how anyone can be bored in this world.

There is a murderer, a cold-blooded murderer. She's never actually met such a person, but she says she wants to "see some, any, cold-blooded murderer." Other persons on her list are not so difficult to find.

For instance, M. Emile Coué, the little old chemist from Nancy, France, whose formula, Miss Garden declares, has helped her immeasurably. Then, there was the late Colonel Roosevelt, Bill Hart, and Bernard Shaw. The list is a long one and sweeps around the world in its geography and democracy.

"Just so they really do something, I like them," is her slogan.

The rule omits those who are easily bored. This pose of boredom, assumed by some society women with their pearls and evening complexions, doesn't appeal to the hard-working opera star.

"When a person is bored, in nine cases out of ten it's only showing himself up, now, isn't it? If he were really alive, he'd find something to interest him wherever he lives. I suppose an amœba is the most easily bored creature in the world. That's about all he's capable of being."

This philosophy of anti-boredom doesn't mean that Miss Garden is a complacent creature of sugar plums and passive sweetness. On the contrary, Miss Garden has her black list. And it often reads like a Who's Who, or the Social Register.

"There are some people," the soprano reveals, "with whom I just can't stand to be in the same room. Oh, of course, I don't make a scene. I just leave the room as quickly and as inconspicuously as possible.

"Now just the other day at ———," and she names a famous New York drawing room, "that impossible woman," and she names a

famous English traveler-writer, "was there. She wasn't bothering me and was behaving herself. But as soon as she came in I went out.

"Not actually out," and she explains that such a dramatic third act exit would have meant hurdling the guests or calling in the fire department. "But mentally, and psychologically, I was out."

IN addition to the English traveler-writer, the black list contains the name of an American actor, worship of whom is almost a cult; a widely known politician; a society dowager or two, and others. The list flits about impishly, toppling over sacred heads and having famed celebrities ofttimes on which to perch.

Marked down definitely on the list are the *poseurs*, intellectual and fashionable.

The better to illustrate her point Miss Garden relates the story of the ultra-smart reception at which plans were being discussed for the coming festival to mark the closing of a certain opera season.

One socially prominent matron, assuming an ennui, gave an aristocratic yawn and murmured with well-bred indifference:

"Why not have them give the first acts of all the operas? We boxholders never get into the theater in time for the first acts, and most of us have never heard them."

Other matrons, dismayed that they had not thought of the *bon mot*, flattered its originator by stealing it for their own. The phrase went the rounds of smart receptions and dinners. Presently it came to the ears of Miss Garden.

"Immoral! Idiotic! Stupid! Bah!" These were just a few of the adjectives she shot out in the direction of the women.

"Poor things," Miss Garden said. "They think that is the way to show their sophistication. Isn't it pathetic? Oh, when will they learn that it isn't smart to be so smart?"

"I love to see a really clever person," Miss Garden continued, "back these 'smart' folks clear to the wall. In just a word or two. It's done so easily, and it's gorgeous!"

Mary Garden, however, makes it very plain that she has no prejudiced complex against a woman just because she is identified with Society, with the recognized capital letter. But such a person, she makes it equally plain, must justify her surroundings by "doing something." An endless round of teas, parties, and receptions does not make up living for the impresario-maestro-singer-actress.

The women, prominent socially, who do justify themselves Miss Garden eulogizes with an exuberance as great as her scorn for the social butterfly. Quickly and with devotion, she names off a dozen or so of her best friends, praises their activities, honors their position, and calls them, ardently, "friends."

Then, the semi-confessional grows a bit more intimate. And it punctures with truths a few of the bubbles set sailing each year in their annual newspaper interviews with the prima donnas.

For when scribes aren't asking Miss Garden when she is to be married they are, figuratively, putting her on the scales and checking up on her weight. In 1914 their heroine, they said, admitted one hundred and forty-nine pounds. The first part of 1916 the press chronicled one hundred and twenty-four pounds. By the seventeenth of the waning December of that year, journalists had reduced the one hundred and twenty-four to one hundred and nineteen. This figure was static until 1922, when newspapers ceased keeping statistics of the diva's avoirdupois.

© Moffett.

A reduced menu, she points out simply, is the most royal road to reduced pounds.

When interviewed, minus accurate data, Mary Garden looked *svelte*, which is all any woman cares to know about mathematics and weights. Reporters, noting the silhouette, wrote stories of pills, pink and blue, and a few white ones. Interesting and somewhat true, Miss Garden admitted, but not the whole story.

A REDUCED menu, she points out simply, is the most royal road to reduced pounds. The details of the theory make one hungry.

Suppose, let us say, the soprano is to sing at an evening performance. She is up at eight or eight-thirty, with her grapefruit, her rolls and tea. That breakfast is almost standard and rarely varies.

The noon whistle blows, but Miss Garden doesn't pause for "dinner." One o'clock comes, but the opera star doesn't stop for lunch. Then one-thirty, verging on to two, but the heroine of the evening's opera has no luncheon.

Along about three or three-thirty, comfortable in a negligée in her own apartments, Miss Garden has her one meal of the day, some

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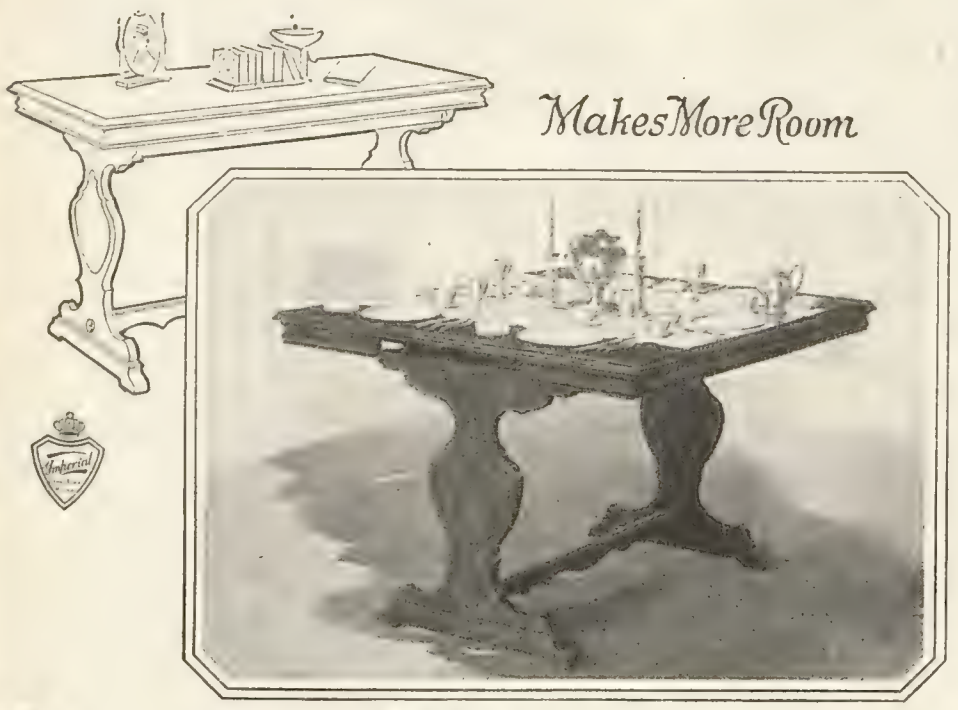

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"World's Largest Table Factory"
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Saves the Space of a Separate Dining Room

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

buttered toast, a pot of tea and several soft boiled eggs.

"And when I get to the theater," the *Carmen*, or *Louise*, or *Cleopatra* is exhilarated as she tells of it, "I am just as fit as a young race horse. I'm full of vigor, and I'm just straining to go.

"But what do I see as the singers gather?"

She pauses a moment as her agile body sways across an imaginary back stage, twenty minutes before the curtain is rung up.

"There they are, all puffed up, needing two pairs of corsets to pull them into shape. They're breathing garlic all over the place. And they expect to sing a love lyric!

"Why, they are puffed up, and stuffy, and loggy, and heavy. It's ridiculous. But I feel just like a young race horse. It's marvelous."

After the performance, a supper, perhaps, somebody suggests to Miss Garden.

It is the wrong suggestion. For after her performance Miss Garden returns to her suite, takes a hot bath, and goes to bed. No food, for she wants to sleep well and be up at eight for work the next day.

BUT all days are not performance days, and the opera star gives a few hints as to her menus the days when she rehearses rather than takes a rôle at the opera.

The same standard breakfast, Miss Garden explains.

"Then I have either luncheon or dinner. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, depending upon my schedule of work and upon my inclination.

"I have learned that just one meal (always including, of course, the light breakfast), is best for me. And I have strength of character—I call it common sense—to stick to that one meal.

"Big dinners, with many courses. Ugh! How I hate them. I can just feel my figure getting out of shape. And even my mind is less alert. Terrible. I loathe formal dinners and elaborate luncheons. I never go to them unless I positively have to."

Then, with a frankness which few stars show, even in a confessional, the actor-singer-manager speaks of her interpretation of *Carmen*.

"You know," she admits, "I really haven't the ideal voice for that part. Someone with an organ-like voice, and wonderful organ tones. Ah! that would be a part, if she acted it intelligently.

"I haven't the voice, but I have studied the part and I use my head when I am *Carmen*. Just recall some of the *Carmens* you have seen," she commands.

"*Mon Dieu*, but half of them could have been done by a high school girl who sings in her glee club. She gets a black lace shawl, buys a pair of high-heeled slippers, sticks a Spanish comb in her hair. Then she clicks a pair of castanets and spits orange seeds out into the face of *Don José*. And they call that *Carmen*. Bah!"

In Spain, where Miss Garden, incognito, visited all the haunts of the modern *Carmens*, the girls, she points out, have an entirely different technique.

"They are thoroughbred in the way they get their man," she explains. "They don't so much as flip their skirts. They arch their eyebrows, toss back their heads, flirt their eyes. And they *are Carmens*."

AS Miss Garden is reflecting over the right daily dozen for a modern *Carmen*, history steps in and brings out a point in the confessional that Miss Garden would never have told herself. But it is a matter of fact that Mary Garden cried just once during her tenure of office as director of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

The occasion was when a printer, overly zealous, raised her name in larger type, above the other artists, in the advertisement of a performance in which she was to star.

She wept and wailed, sobbing out vehemently:

"I don't want them to think, just because I'm the director, I'm trying to push myself ahead of them as a singer."

It was an echo of this sob, perhaps, that came in her closing statement, April 24, 1922, when she resigned from her position of director, which she had held since January 13, 1921. The statement was short; and she meant it:

"I am an artiste, and I have decided that my place is with the artistes, not over them," she said.

"Remember, the confessional is good," Miss Garden was concluding in the same tone in which she had begun.

"I think it would do everybody, regardless of religion, worlds of good to spill out their souls into a tomb every so often," urges the singer.

Then she qualifies.

"But there are only a few rare souls to whom one can confess. Women? We fear them just a bit. And we always hold something back, just a few of our deepest secrets.

"And men? Does anyone ever really confess to men?"

And so, remembering that, after all, *le tombeau* is the best place to throw most of our secrets, Miss Garden closes the book of her revelations.

But she does pause to add:

That she detests traveling in Pullman sleepers; that she has never been to Florida, and that, in her opinion:

"There is nothing more lovely than a good-looking leg in a black silk stocking, eh?"

THE END

$500 a Week for Limericks

Liberty's Greatest Contest---Open to Everyone, Everywhere!

TOOT-TOOT! Hear that ol' whistle, folks! And see the scenery flyin' past! We must be doin' eighty on Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express. So hold tight, folks, for Casey Jones is goin' to open that throttle another notch!

Here's This Week's Limerick:

A speaker from out Podunk way
Forgot what he'd thought he would say.
The crowd shouted: "Boo!"
He felt he was through

.....

Well, you ought to be able to think up a lot of hot last lines to finish that! So let's go! The cashier's got his satchel full of dough, and he wants to stop carryin' all that weight! For the five best lines submitted to complete the Limerick printed above, Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize, $250 3d Prize, $75
2d Prize, $100 4th Prize, $50
5th Prize, $25

Use the coupon in submitting your last line,

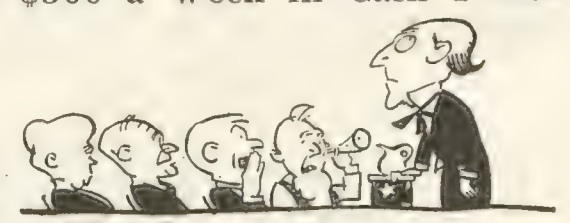
or copy the Limerick and write your suggestion for a last line on a separate sheet of paper. It makes no difference. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



A speaker from out Podunk way
Forgot what he'd thought he would say.
The crowd shouted: "Boo!"
He felt he was through

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE.....

(Issue of January 24)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of December 27. The Limerick read as follows:

Gay Nellie once went to a tea,
Where guests were sedate as could be;
But meeting by chance
A man who could dance,

.....

FIRST PRIZE—$250

She "stirred up" that tea, believe me.

Written by L. D. YOUNG, 424 West Main Street, Durand, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

They'd a toe-to-toe tete-a-tete—gee!

Written by ELIZABETH W. WALSH, Rm. 909, 600 Lexington Ave., New York City.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

She 8, then she 2-stepped till 3.

Written by HARRY E. MURRAY, 1653 South Ringgold Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

They were told to depart f. o. b.

Written by JAMES J. O'NEIL, 62 East Street, Dorchester, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

She soon had tongues wagging quite free.

Written by S. V. ANDERSON, 216 North Milton Avenue, Jamestown, N. D.

All Last Lines for THIS WEEK'S Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, January 31

Get 'Em in Early, Folks, and
Avoid the Last-Minute Rush

$500 More for Limericks Next Week

But You'd Better Hurry—Hurry!

The RATTLER

A Short Story of a Manhunt in the Days of the Old West

Picture by
FRANK B. HOFFMAN

"If you make a move," advised the army officer, "I'll kill you. You've overstepped yourself this time, 'Mr. Smith'!"

THE army officer first saw the other horseman through a breach in the chaparral. But instead of hailing him at once he caressed his revolver with his gauntleted hand and peered intently about, trying to penetrate the thicket. Then, smiling a little, he cantered off at an angle which would eventually intersect the trail followed by the horseman, but at a point somewhat in advance of that rider.

As he sat close to his saddle, shoulders relaxed, back straight, he did credit to the uniform. His sun-browned skin, his calm, trustworthy eyes, with their little lines about the corners to hint at an otherwise unapparent sense of humor, smooth-shaven cheeks, close-cut black mustache—all these might have identified him anywhere as a member of that hard-riding, hard fighting corps of men known the West over as the Arizona Federal Police.

There was grace in his posture; there was self-confidence in his expression. Had he swaggered the least bit he would have appeared very conceited, indeed. But he avoided that by a fraction, leaving one with an impression of dependability. His khaki uniform fitted his body as well as his body fitted his horse; and his campaign hat might have set straighter on his head. Not that its angle was offensive. Indeed, it merely set off to advantage his rather thin features.

After a time the officer came to the trail. Drawing up, he at once leaned low in his saddle to scrutinize the ground. No one had recently passed that way. Then, still smiling, he hid himself and horse, leaving the trail apparently deserted. It was perhaps five minutes before a horseman cantered into sight. He also seemed to be warily inclined, for he glanced continually at the chaparral on either side, and his right hand hung within an inch of his holster. As he reached a point some twenty feet away the officer rode out.

The on-coming pony went back on its haunches while its rider half drew his gun before recognizing the khaki uniform.

"Hell!" he announced, letting the weapon slip back, "you sure surprised me *some*, Lieutenant!"

The officer still smiled. "Why? Haven't you learned to expect us anywhere—even on the edge of the Bad Lands? And perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what *you're* after."

The man took off his hat and knocked the dust from the brim. His hesitation was not lost on the officer. At length he said with seeming heartiness:

"Sure! Can't see any reason for keepin' it from a Federal. I'm *rattler* huntin'."

"Diamond-back?" Ironically.

"No; horseback! My rattler's ridin' a hoss!"

Even as the officer nodded understanding his quick glance swept the other from high heeled boot to jauntily set sombrero. He saw a tall, slouching man—unquestionably a cow-puncher from his garb and equipment—with a leathery face, keen eyes, and a humorous, not unkind mouth. He carried two revolvers, a sheath knife, and a lariat coiled around the pommel of his Mexican saddle. Like the army officer, he, too, could be instantly catalogued in this land where men are divided into very

By EUGENE JONES

obvious classes. There was a certain recklessness about him—it may have lurked in his eyes, or in the easy way he sat his horse, or, in fact, in the rake of his hat; and that recklessness belonged to the followers of the cattle trail.

Apparently satisfied, the lieutenant wheeled about beside him.

"So you're after the Rattler, eh?"

"Certain! I'm Jim Drake, foreman of the Circle-Bar outfit; and I'm out to get that son-of-a-gun. He lifted our pay roll last night."

"We're on the same errand," returned the officer quietly. "My name's Calhoune—stationed at Red Gulch. Colonel Roundtree told me to bring in the Rattler, dead or alive. We heard he was operating down here on the edge of the Bad Lands. So he got away with your pay roll, did he?"

"Some easy!" drawled the other. "Dropped in as calm as a June mornin', stuck up the bunch, collected the swag, locked us all in the toolhouse, and rode away. Nobody with him as usual! Didn't need nobody! Oh, it was a circus—ten of us idiots marchin' 'round in front of his gun like a bunch of kids obeyin' their pa. I can't naturally look my hoss in the face, I'm that ashamed!"

Something hard came into Calhoune's eyes.

"But what are *you* doing here alone? Why didn't your crowd stick together?"

"Because," explained Drake, "we figured we had a better chance if we spread out."

"I SEE. Well, suppose we keep company until we hit that little stretch of desert about six miles below here. Then you can take the upper trail and I'll take the lower. If the Rattler went across the desert—which isn't likely—we are apt to run him down in the hills beyond. If he took the easier way, one of us may have a chance at him."

The cattle man nodded. "Sounds reasonable to me."

And so they rode off, side by side.

"Yes," remarked Drake some little time later, "I ain't never seen the Rattler without his mask, but I know most near as much about him as any man in Arizona. Him and me come from the same corner of the map. Maybe you won't savy my sayin' I figure he's the whitest bad-man in the West. If any feller ever had reason to stick up a stage or swipe a pay roll, it's sure the Rattler."

"That's interesting," admitted Calhoune. "Tell me; I don't know anything but the common stories about him."

"Well, you see it was like this: His right name is—never mind his right name—we'll call it 'Smith.' Twenty years ago he owned a nice little ranch out of Railroad-End, down on the edge of the San Francisco range. He married a mighty sweet girl—accordin' to what folks say. And they were happy on the ranch. For several years they done well runnin' their small herd on the open range; then come the fence laws. Smith hadn't enough money to buy the land he needed. Some Easterner grabbed all the territory around him and fenced it off. He couldn't feed his herd. The Easterner promised to sell him a strip to the open range in a year—said there was some reason he couldn't do it to onct. And so Smith borrowed money from the Easterner to tide him over, so to speak."

"A mortgage, I presume?"

"Sure. When the year was up, the son-of-a-gun didn't open no strip. . . . Smith's wife was goin' to have a baby. The mortgage come due. Smith asked for more time—and got shown the gate! I can't figure why he didn't kill the Easterner there and then; but you see, he was still law-abidin'. Then the Easterner foreclosed, and Smith and his wife was put out of their home. It come so sudden he didn't have time to make no arrangements with friends—and there wasn't another ranch in forty miles. The sheriff—I reckon he got paid well for the job—threw 'em out with snow on the ground. Smith's wife had to ride in a buckboard all the way to Prescott. . . . It killed her and her kid."

After a moment Drake went on, but his voice was hoarse.

"Smith jest dropped off the world it seemed. Nobody heard of him for a long time. Then one evenin' he rode up to the Easterner's ranch. I reckon he caught him alone, because he marched him off at the point of a pistol. When they got in a little bottom out of gunshot of the ranch buildin's Smith give the Easterner one of his guns and kept the other himself."

"A duel!" muttered Calhoune, his eyes snapping.

"Better than the Easterner deserved!" flared Drake. "That cuss was a murderer!"

"Smith killed him?"

"Sure! There's *some* justice in the world! The Easterner got it in the temple; Smith was winged in the right arm above the elbow. . . . Since then——" Drake shook his head. "You know what's happened since then! They call him 'The Rattler.' He never strikes without warnin', always gives the other feller a chance for his life; and he's terrorized the whole of Arizona. He's got 'em eatin' out of his hand. Even you and your Federals can't do nothin' . . . Of course, some day he'll get his, but I'm hopin' it'll be a bullet. If I catch him I won't take him back to trial unless he wants to go."

"Yes, he's a menace to the safety of the country. He stole your pay roll. Surely there isn't anything—er—mitigating in his career since he killed the Easterner."

"You bet there is! That grave where his wife and kid lays buried—I've seen it. It's up in the hills, miles back from the nearest ranch. Say, pard, the place is *alive* with flowers. They tried to get him there once, and he crippled a couple of deputies. Next time they found a sign. It read: 'As sure as there's a God in Heaven I'll kill every man I catch here. Amen.' Funny sort of message, but nobody ever bothered the spot again. . . .

"Maybe you don't savy me. Maybe you look at things sort of different, but them's the reasons I say he's the whitest bad-man in Arizona. There ain't nothin' personal in my huntin' him; I'm after him 'cause he stole our money.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Model Kitchen in every respect

This is a photograph of the kitchen in a modern home. It is fully equipped with the latest ideas in everything. No expense has been spared to make it perfect in every respect. The kitchenware used in such a kitchen is Vollrath Ware. The reason for that is that Vollrath Ware is the best there is. Housewives who know the difference use this pure white ware, because it is kept clean and spotless with the least amount of effort and because in design and symmetry it is permanently beautiful. The taste of the foods cooked in it is untainted by the residue of former cookings.

This is *entirely different* from the common kinds of kitchenware

Women whose intelligence makes them seek the best there is, naturally prefer to use Vollrath Ware. The principal reason is that it is so *easy* to keep spotlessly clean. This snowy white ware is the kind that mothers instinctively choose to use in preparing foods for babies. It can be washed in a few seconds just like a china dish — no scrubbing and scratching to make it look bright. It is the kitchenware that enables housewives to cook under the cleanest possible conditions, with much less labor and with much better results.

Vollrath Ware is sold by hardware and department stores everywhere

THE VOLLRATH COMPANY

Sheboygan *Established 1874* Wisconsin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

But friend, between you and me, I'm damned sorry for him!"

As Drake finished he looked up to find the business end of a revolver about ten inches from his nose.

"If you make a move," advised the army officer, "I'll kill you. You've overstepped yourself this time, 'Mr. Smith'!"

THE cow-puncher turned white under his tan; not the white of fear, but of anger. In Calhoune's eyes he read iron resolve. Slowly he raised his hands above his head.

The other urged his horse close and removed Drake's guns. Then he backed off, still covering him.

"You didn't give me credit for any brains at all, did you?" he asked. "How do you account for your knowledge of the Rattler's past? How do you account for that bulge in your saddlebags? It looks like a satchel to me—and I make a guess it's got the pay roll!"

Drake wet his lips. "The ranch cook saw the duel, Lieutenant; I heard it from him. As for the saddlebags——"

"Stop! Your biography of yourself has left me rather kindly disposed toward you. Don't belittle with lies the character you've painted. I could prove your identity in a moment by making you roll up your right sleeve, but I'm not going to. There was no question about it from the first. Your likeness to the picture at headquarters is too strong. It would have been an easy matter to get the drop on you from ambush, but I figured I'd see what sort of a yarn you had to spin. . . . You're a cool one, 'Mr. Smith'! And while I rode beside you, you could have played safe and pulled a gun on *me*. So you are square."

"What do you reckon you'll do?" The cow-puncher spoke through set lips.

"In the army," went on Calhoune, "we believe in sportsmanship. I'll toss a coin. If it lands head up, I'll let you go, money and all. The country around here is honeycombed with troopers—you haven't a chance of making a get-away. If it comes tails you will return with me to Red Gulch."

The chaparral was very silent; one could hear the breathing of the horses, the faint jingle of bridle accouterments as Calhoune drew forth a coin with his left hand. He held it poised for a moment, then he flipped it into the trail where Drake couldn't see it. For a single instant he glanced down at the shining bit of silver.

"You win," he said quietly. "Turn your horse around and get out!"

"Hold on, Calhoune——"

But Calhoune's expression cut short the words.

"If you open your mouth again I'll drill you," advised the officer.

THE other hesitated, but he read death in the eyes which bored so steadily into his. He shrugged, pivoted his horse, and cantered off down the trail. Calhoune kept his gun covering him until he was out of sight.

Then he laughed long and silently.

Before urging his mount into the chaparral he took a look at the coin in the trail. It lay shining in the rays of the desert sun *tail up!* And as he settled himself in his saddle he felt thoughtfully of the spot on his right arm which had always remained numb since that night so long ago when the Easterner had lodged a bullet there.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

He Proved They Weren't Tough

Richard's mother had forbidden him to play with certain youngsters in the neighborhood. Explaining herself to him she had said that they were too "tough."

The next day Richard came home dragging two of the said youngsters by the hand. Calling to his mother in a half appealing and a half whining voice, he said:

"Please, mother, dear, can't I play with them? Just feel—they are so nice and tender."—Mrs. J. C., Chicago.

* * *

An Experienced Angel

At the bi-weekly show, attended by the entire population of the mountain lumber town, a wee miss with the face of a Raphael cherub, flattered a stranger by trotting over to sit on his lap. The hero on the silver sheet was drinking poison, with all the accompanying anguish, in three large gulps. As he crashed to the floor, the voice of the angelic child was lifted in glee: "Oh, only thwee dwinks, an' he's tewed!"—R. C. M., Bakersfield, Calif.

* * *

Comparisons Are Odious

Little Marie and her young brother Junior went calling one day with their mother upon the mother of a wee infant. As Marie stood watching the baby it commenced to cry, whereupon she shrieked out:

"Come quick, Junior, and see if the baby doesn't look exactly like mother did before she got her false teeth."—W. M. S., Chicago.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks — See Page 39

WESTERN FOOTBALL VS. EASTERN

By
Knute Rockne
Notre Dame's Famous Athletics Director and Football Coach

Rockne's men humbling the East—a glimpse of the hard-fought Princeton game.

AFTER Playing More Intersectional Games than Any Other Mentor, Notre Dame's Coach Says Flatly, "The Western Game Is Better"—and Tells Why

KNUTE ROCKNE, coach of the astounding football team of Notre Dame University, considered by many as the greatest team of 1924, has developed elevens which have played yearly against both Eastern and Western teams of first caliber. If anyone, Rockne should know the difference between Eastern and Western football. His views concerning the difference in men, in systems, and in technical football will carry conviction. He declares Western football far superior to Eastern, and Western players physically superior to those of the East. His assertion that the superiority of the West is really a triumph of the sons of the middle class over the sons of wealthy parents will be found enlightening.

Rockne tells the story of why Notre Dame, a comparatively small school, can turn out amazingly efficient teams each year, and his explanation furnishes food for thought among Eastern college faculties and alumni.

International Photo.

Knute Rockne, who keeps Notre Dame's teams respected and feared throughout the land.

WESTERN football is superior to Eastern in every department except the kicking. The statement is not made to provoke argument, although it perhaps will be debated. Western men are better physically, better conditioned, and harder. Their methods are newer; they are under no handicap of tradition. The East gave the West football; the West took it and, seeing its weak points, improved it.

The East is slowly, but surely, abandoning its methods and adopting the best features of the improved game, so it is but a question of time until football will lose entirely its sectional distinctions and become standardized.

The development and the training of coaching, and the interchange of ideas between leading coaches, are erasing sectional lines; but the East, having stood still and clung to tradition while the West was inventing and perfecting new plays, will have a hard time catching up. The great difference between the systems in the East and West is that in the West the coaches give more latitude to plays, spread the plays over a much larger area, and give more scope for imagination and daring. In spite of nearly twenty years of experimenting, we still see remnants of the old, worn-out traditions influencing the play of some Eastern teams.

I remember one Eastern team against which Notre Dame played. We were leading, with a short time to play, and the Eastern team had a chance to beat us by scoring a touchdown, but kicked on the third down, following tradition, surrendering the ball to us, which was exactly what we wanted. Our team was very tired and might have been beaten. No Western eleven ever would have made such a play at that stage of the game.

BUT behind coaching systems and styles of play there is a basic difference. Western men are better physically. In the mid-Western schools physical education is accepted as a vital part of the education of men. Our motto at Notre Dame, for instance, is masculine democracy—in everything which that term means. In our mid-Western schools every freshman and sophomore is obliged to engage in some form of athletic sports. As a result we have a far greater number of men in good physical shape to select teams from than have the Eastern schools—men who actually play games.

To express it bluntly, the era of Western supremacy in football and other athletic sports is a triumph of the middle class over the rich. The majority of our mid-Western boys are from middle-class families; boys who work and who, through hard work, keep in better physical shape than the sons of the rich people do.

THE Eastern college men mostly are sons of wealthy people, many from the West as well as the East. They work in summer, it is true, but it is largely office work, tutoring, acting as chauffeurs, lolling around in motor cars, fussing with girls, dancing, and taking soft jobs, while the majority of our mid-Western and Western boys are at hard work, chopping trees, delivering ice, plowing—doing real manual work. The result is they come back to school physically fit and ready, and can be learning football while the fellow who has had a soft summer is getting into condition to play.

You cannot get into proper condition to play football in ten weeks. If a player hasn't done anything toward conditioning before he returns to school in the fall it is too late.

Take Notre Dame as an example. There seems to be an impression through the East that our men play football all the year, and that we are some sort of semi-professional organization. This is due entirely to the failure of Eastern college men to understand conditions,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Modern Modes Forbid Gray Hair

Youthfulness is the dominant note today. Hair dress accords with the prevailing modes. Many women deny themselves the comfort and convenience of short hair because of premature gray.

Hesitate no longer! Brownatone solves your problem. It is especially easy to use on short hair. A small quantity brushed through and gray, faded or bleached hair magically disappears. No mixing, no muss or fuss. No waiting, no day-after-day treatment. Necessary to apply only as new hair grows in. Permanency unaffected by shampoo or bath. Available in two colors and two sizes. The "Light Blonde to Medium Brown" imparts natural shades of golden, blonde, or medium brown. The "Dark Brown to Black" tints to glossy shades from deep brown to jet black. All drug and department stores sell Brownatone—50 cents and $1.50. If unable to purchase write and send coupon below.

SPECIAL OFFER—A Trial Bottle of Brownatone and an instructive booklet on hair treatment will be sent, in plain package, on receipt of 10c to cover packing and postage. (Specify color wanted.)

We recommend Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct—50c per bottle.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
1059 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

Send This Coupon

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1059 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send Trial Bottle of Brownatone and Booklet on Hair. I have checked shade of Brownatone preferred.
☐ Golden Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Black

Name .....

Address .....

GUARANTEED HARMLESS
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

to their ignorance of the methods of the school.

There is no school in America which more rigidly enforces every rule of amateurism; and, as for long practice, we started on September 15 last year, which was earlier than usual. The starting date we accept is the one set by the Western conference.

Easterners seem to think there is something uncanny about the fact that Notre Dame turns out good football teams. The fact is, we have about two thousand men to pick from, every one in some form of athletic sports. We have two score teams playing football and fighting for places on hall teams, each hall having its team playing for the school championship.

This year I lose practically all the men on our football squad—eleven of the first string, more than half the second string, and half a dozen of the third string. Under similar conditions I suppose an Eastern school would consider its team wrecked. I can go among the hall teams, men who have learned their football by playing the game, and get together a pretty fair varsity combination. In fact, the majority of the men on the 1924 team learned the greater part of their football on hall teams.

Miller, for instance, couldn't make his high school or his freshman team. Huntsinger was a big, awkward fellow who couldn't play anything when he came to school—most of the others had merely a little high school experience.

THEY learned football here. As for practicing, I give them less of that than almost anyone. They engage in rugged work, are physically fit, and playing football is a joy to them. I think it would be a bad thing to give them longer training; the hard work might turn them against the game and spoil their delight in the sport.

Most of our fellows take tough jobs during the summer—thrashing, plowing, anything, so it is real manual labor. Three of the fellows on the 1924 team worked firing on lake boats all summer. Layden, our famous full back, worked in a gas filling station and helped repair autos; Crowley worked with a road gang and operated a concrete mixer; Stuhldreher worked on a railroad train, acting as his own baggage and freight handler; Don Miller cooked for the help at a resort and acted as a life guard on the beach afternoons; Rip Miller was a fireman on one of the lake boats; Walsh painted the grand stands at Notre Dame; Livergood worked on a farm, while Sherrer worked with a roadmaking gang in Michigan.

That is the sort of fellows we get to select teams from, and they return to school hard as nails, in condition and raring to play football. Comparisons may be odious, but I think that sort of fellows can beat any team composed of men who danced, rode in autos, traveled in Europe, or lolled around a summer resort.

THERE are a number of technical distinctions between the styles of plays and the styles of playing positions, but these are being wiped out. One of the outstanding features of football in these days is what is called "upsets"—the smaller colleges coming forward with strong teams, playing sound football, and defeating the teams of larger schools.

This is because of the spread of knowledge of coaching methods. There are a number of colleges of physical education which specialize in the training of athletic coaches as part of the educational scheme. Training in coaching methods is quite as necessary as the training of instructors in any department. These coaches go to smaller schools, with the result that, if they find good material available, they have a team playing as sound football as any of the larger schools and liable to spring a surprise on any team, especially if the men report in condition.

The East has been oddly reluctant to admit the value of innovations in football, and to alter the style of play to fit changed conditions. It was not until three years ago that the East accepted the forward pass fully. Until then, in the East, the forward pass was used merely as a threat, instead of developing its possibilities as a ground gainer. Having accepted it, the East is now using it more freely than the Western schools are, but still more as a threat than anything else. It was not until Gil Dobie went East that Eastern teams discovered it was not necessary to play a back fifty yards back on defense, and that he might be brought up to use in defense against forward passes.

Another sharp difference between East and West is that, in many cases, the East still uses the general interference instead of the individual. All Western schools use the system of individual interference, in which each man in interference picks the opponent he is to dispose of, and accept it as the best devised; yet many Eastern coaches still cling to the haphazard general interference, which is more like a mob rush than a well directed attack.

There is a marked difference, too, in the system of end play, many Eastern teams still using the smashing end. The end who smashes into interference cannot take care of plays outside of his position, and, besides, the system is destructive to the defensive team. You cannot use it unless you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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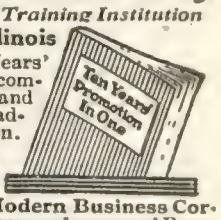

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"Chuck" Darling of Boston College, king of Eastern kickers—the department in which Rockne says the East is supreme.

Gen'l Feature Photo.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

have three sets of ends, for no man can stand the battering. Princeton changed from the smashing style after playing Western teams.

The West Point system of end play is used by some. This is for the end to run straight in three steps and then turn sharply into the play. The end using this method cannot give any support to his tackle. In the West the end goes in at an angle, almost as fast as a smashing end does, but does not commit himself, leaving himself free either to support his tackle or to drive out the runner if the play is around him.

There is practically no difference in the method of center and guard play. Glenn Warner, who probably invented more plays than any other coach, pulled a guard back both in offense and defense. The roving center has been used ever since I remember. The first time we ever played at West Point the cadets had a roving center.

You will find, however, a difference in the play of the backs. Most of the Eastern players run at straight lines into the line, while the Western players charge at angles, and frequently feint a step or two before driving into the line.

THE much discussed "shift" and its variations came from the West, and the East refused, then adopted it, half-heartedly at first, and then completely. "Doc" Williams, Minnesota's famous coach, developed the shift, and at that same time, nearly twenty years ago, Stagg, at Chicago, was experimenting with it.

The psychology of the shift is that it gives no time for analysis of plays. The defensive eleven has no time to judge from some unconscious movement or expression of an opponent where the attack is to be directed. The fact that the attacking team suddenly springs into a group or formation which may result in any one of three attacks starts the defense guessing.

The "huddle," which, by the way, was evolved by Bob Zuppke, at Illinois, has exactly the same psychological effect as the shift. There are great possibilities in the shift and the huddle, in course of development. For instance, Crowley, one of our backs, was criticized in this, the critics charging that he betrayed plays by his actions as the ball was snapped. He did; but he did it purposely. He frequently tipped the opposing team wrong—and they grew afraid to watch him for fear of being misled entirely by his actions.

The great advancement the West has brought in football has been in making it a game for men of all sizes, a game of speed, skill, brains, and quick thinking, rather than a sport exclusively for heavyweights.

The opening up of the game has made it possible for the smaller men to engage in it and win. My teams last fall are an example; the first team averaged one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, the second team averaged ten pounds a man heavier, and the third string team was still heavier. There was no doubt but the first team was the best. The back field was one of those watchspring back fields, rather fragile; and one of the much discussed developments of the season was the result of that condition. The Eastern coaches and critics commented a great deal on the fact that we sent our second team in to start games, and some of the Eastern teams seized on the idea.

The reason for this was plain: our heavy second team was strong in defense, better, perhaps, than the first, but was not a scoring aggregation. In football the hardest contact and the strongest attack is in the first quarter, while both teams are eager and strong. So I sent the heavy defensive second team in, and let them bear the brunt of the attack until its first force was spent, then used the hair-trigger first team as a scoring force.

THIS worked well, and perhaps saved us. In the Army game we were a very tired lot of boys for the last ten minutes, and if they all had started the game, instead of waiting to the end of the first quarter, there is no telling what might have happened.

It is in such things as these, I think, that Western methods are best; instead of diagramming plays and zoning fields we use plays best suited to the men who comprise the teams, instead of trying to fit every kind of man into a certain type of play.

The East has caught up with us on the forward pass, although the Western teams still have more deception in the use of the play.

The one essential in which Eastern football surpasses the West is in kicking. They outkick us, because they practice kicking more and devote more time to training kickers.

The Westerner says, "Give us that ball and we'll take it somewhere," and doesn't use the kick any more than is necessary.

The East, however, is broadening considerably and increasing the zone of attack. Ten years ago a Western team could play an Eastern eleven with supreme confidence that no play ever would go outside the ends and very seldom outside the tackles. They are broadening out now—we have to watch or they may even try to go outside end.

There is one thing, however, that football, East and West, has in common: it is the finest influence and the greatest teacher of sportsmanship in our democracy. It is the biggest, cleanest thing in college life and in circles influenced by it.

The East still has the best of it in one way: Eastern crowds are better trained and educated in football ethics. The West is still provincial and its partisanship is stronger. But the West is learning; football is having its effect upon the entire population in teaching clean sportsmanship.

If the ethics of the football field could be extended to politics and to business the world would take a great step forward.

THE END

Is the East "*Too Soft*" to Win?

"To express it bluntly," says Rockne, "Western supremacy in football is a triumph of the middle class over the rich. Eastern college men mostly are sons of wealthy people. They work in summer, but it is largely office work and soft jobs. Western boys are doing real manual work. They come back physically fit and can be learning football while the fellow who has had a soft summer is getting into condition."

Exponent of the best in the Western game—"Red" Grange of Illinois, who can run, pass, and dodge with a skill never surpassed on the gridiron.

White Man

A Motion Picture Review
By ALVA TAYLOR

Story by George Agnew Chamberlain.
Directed by Gasnier. A Preferred Picture.

CAST:

Lady Andrea Pellor.....*Alice Joyce*
White Man.....*Kenneth Harlan*
The River Thief.....*Walter Long*

HAVING for its hero one of those handsome slick-haired brutes who live in the jungle for mysterious reasons, a terror among the males, but nice and refined with the ladies, White Man is a type of picture which you recognize immediately once the mess of opening titles and credits is out of the way.

In this instance, however, there is a demented opera singer, a number of plain and fancy natives, an airplane falling through a roof, and Alice Joyce to liven things up. Alice Joyce, returning to the screen in this picture, brings her especial charm of personality, and a new hair cut. She plays the part of Lady Andrea Pellor, who at the start was about to be married to an unattractive and elderly money bag to make up for family deficiencies of credit at the butcher and baker.

Just before the wedding Lady Andrea dashes outdoors to take a stroll along the Indian Ocean, and sees an aviator about to go up. She asks to be taken for a ride. She gets a longer one than she had really intended taking. The aviator wafts her to his jungle home in spite of her frantic pleas to return to her wedding party. Lady Andrea should have known better than to ask a strange man for a ride.

Kenneth Harlan is White Man, the brute of polished manners, who carefully shows Lady Andrea how the door to her room locks only from the inside. He dresses up for dinner that night for the first time since he had taken up his abode in his jungle house which had all the comforts of home, including a phonograph. He has no other name until at the end of the picture he turns out to be somebody.

Alice Joyce, in White Man.

"Just call me White Man," he told Lady Andrea.

White Man is to take Andrea back as soon as a broken propeller can be replaced, a matter of a week or so. Meanwhile, she is to make the best of the situation, with a trunk of his sister's clothes and a native lady's maid.

The third and last member of the cast, outside of the minor details, is Walter Long, thoroughly villainous as the river thief, once a white man. He also has reasons all his own for taking up a solitary abode among the rubber plants and the creeping vines. His territory is up the river a bit from White Man's jungle bungalow.

Lady Andrea, during her sojourn in White Man's jungle hut de luxe, contracts jungle fever. In delirious moments she vows that she loves White Man. The protestations of love were quite mutual. But when the fever has left, convention once more has Andrea in its grip.

One day she finds an old newspaper clipping. An opera singer gone crazy on the night of his début in London shoots the prima donna. He escapes and was supposed to be making his home in the African jungle. Andrea puts together what she considers a good two and two. White Man must be the fugitive.

At this point of the proceedings Walter Long comes upon the scene to do his villain stuff. Having heard of the white woman at his neighbor's house, he makes a call. White Man tries to keep Andrea hidden, knowing that the river thief would not be as polite to her as he had been. The caller, seeing the phonograph, bursts into song. Andrea, hearing an operatic voice in the adjoining room, sticks an inquisitive head outside to see which of the two men owns it, thus precipitating a fight between the two white men, but the voice had stopped before Andrea got there.

White Man is wounded, and the villain carries Andrea away up the river. Failing to charm her with his bad looks, Andrea's new host gives her a sample of his vocal art. A little later, White Man drops through the roof in his airplane.

The next day, he takes her home. The rich erstwhile bridegroom gallantly offers to go through with the marriage. But at this moment in marches the best friend of Andrea's brother. You know the rest.

NEXT WEEK: A TRIPLE REVIEW

GREED, a Metro-Goldwyn picture; ROMOLA, an Inspiration production, and ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL, produced by David W. Griffith.

A LITTLE OF THIS AND OF THAT

A couple of vamps,
an all around actress,
a new leading lady,
and
Antonio Moreno

Captions by
Alva Taylor

LEAVING BEHIND HER a career as a Boston society girl, Brenda Bond (above) was given her first opportunity as a movie queen in Mr. Fox's new production, The Fool. Nickolas Muray Photo.

MANY AND VARIED are the parts played by Marguerite de la Motte (upper left), from flapper to vamp and back again. Her latest picture is The Beloved Brute. Murillo Photo.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND is what keeps Antonio Moreno (center) busy these days, not to mention that he has a pleasing personality and is a polished actor. Russell Ball Photo.

ANOTHER VERSATILE YOUNG LADY is Alice Lake (upper right), who can double in celluloid when the occasion arises and register anything from wrecking homes to injured innocence. Apeda Photo.

WITH DARK HAIR AND FLASHING EYES, Carmel Myers is perfect when mischief's afoot and a woman at the bottom of it. Her next vamping vehicle will be Ben-Hur.

Genuine

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HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

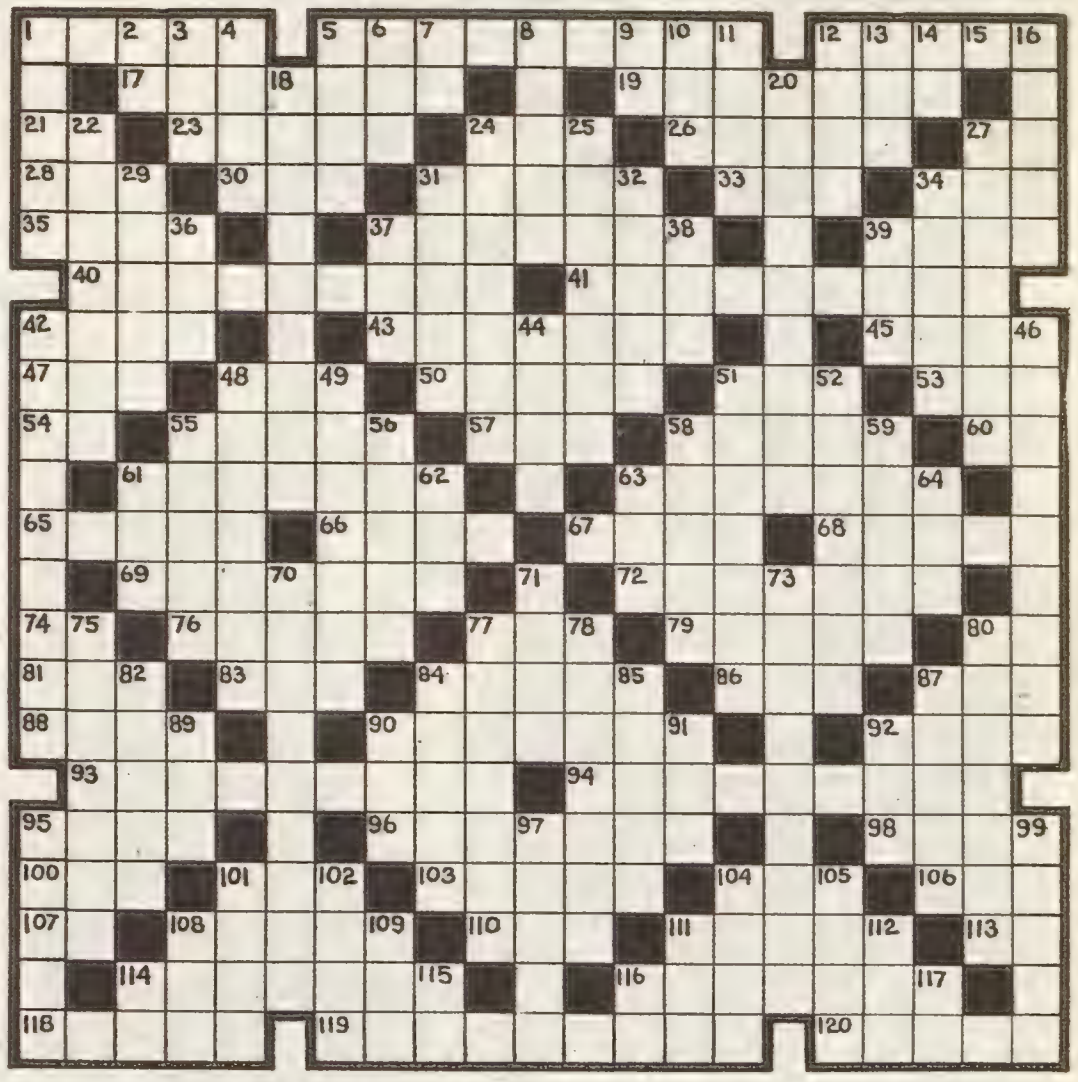
Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 12

Without a doubt this cross-word puzzle is a brain teaser. For instance, wouldn't you be puzzled if we didn't tell you that Number 41 Horizontal, defined as "to outline," means "adumbrate"? But we leave the rest to you. Be sure to check up your answers in next week's Liberty.



HORIZONTAL

1 An increased exertion for a short time
5 Paneled wooden linings of rooms
12 Victuals
17 Clergymen
19 A loud, prolonged sound
21 A diatonic note
23 Teased
24 A dance
26 Site of a religious council in 1545-1563
27 Calcium [symbol]
28 Finis
30 Printers' measures
31 Heals
33 A river in Wales
34 A Portuguese money of account
35 Complete selves
37 A poison
39 To vend
40 Excuses
41 To outline
42 Old
43 Responded to a stimulus
45 A small bunch, as of hay
47 A color
48 A small piece
50 Frees from water
51 A dance step
53 A Greek letter
54 A small European fresh water fish
55 Air passages in chimneys
57 Roads [abbr.]
58 Formed an electric glow of a certain shape
60 Erbium [symbol]
61 One who hauls coal in a mine
63 Dressed or slicked up
65 Attempts
66 To deprive of the outer skin
67 A Scandinavian proper name
68 To breathe noisily while sleeping
69 Those who make fish traps
72 To raise
74 A preposition
76 Scorches
77 Masculine [abbr.]
79 Gaiters
80 Porto Rico [abbr.]
81 To drink with the tongue
83 The Latin underworld god
84 A drying frame for clothes
86 Three [old form]
87 A beverage
88 Epochs
90 An Egyptian rattle
92 A man's name
93 Without restriction
94 Prepared the way
95 To send forth
96 Nutriment
98 Finishes
100 Member of an Indo-Chinese tribe
101 Nourished
103 Levels
104 Hobby or craze
106 A lair
107 Upon
108 Liquifies by heating
110 A suffix denoting an agent.
111 Exterior
113 Egyptian sun god
114 A garnishing herb
116 Mournful
118 Arabian commanders
119 Opposed to weatherly [nautical]
120 Liquid from the eyes

VERTICAL

1 A frolic
2 Above
3 A tattered cloth
4 Actual
5 Afflictions
6 A connective particle
7 Exists
8 A shop
9 Conjunction marking an alternative
10 A small child
11 A semi-precious stone
12 Refined and superior
13 Ontario [abbr.]
14 The giant king of Bashan conquered by Moses
16 A shell-carrying animal
18 A convivial gathering
20 To encompass again
22 Occupied
24 Members of a class of European cavalry
25 Roman household gods
27 Azure
29 Drugged
31 A religious formula
32 Edges of a surface
34 To fasten again
36 Turf
37 To ventilate
38 A quid of tobacco
39 Beheld
42 A Greek philosopher
44 To quote
46 Ornamental arrangements of flower beds
48 Shattered by an explosive agent
49 Humors or moods
51 A rule
52 To feel or apprehend
55 Liberates
56 Prophets
58 Exterior seed coverings
59 Slight depressions
61 A metal
62 A thing [legal]
63 A prefix denoting priority
64 A female deer
70 Free from pollution
71 A small tumor
73 To dapple or streak
75 One who propels a boat
77 A letter
78 A snake
80 One who moves slowly and steadily
82 A Spanish courtyard
84 A passageway
85 Remains of an old or destroyed house
87 To alter in parliamentary procedure
89 To rest upon the haunches
90 A large body of water
91 A pithy or witty saying
92 Part of the verb "to be"
95 A funeral oration
97 An altar slab
99 Knots
101 Skins of animals
102 A ravine
104 Violent anger
105 Dexterous
108 Not near
109 To witness
111 To lubricate
112 To regret
114 3.1416
115 An old form of "you"
116 Doctor of Divinity
117 A southern State [abbr.]

D	O	R	I	C	■	R	I	N	S	E	■	S	A	B	R	E
R	■	I	R	O	N	E	D	■	U	N	V	E	I	L	■	A
A	S	P	E	N	■	C	E	R	E	S	■	C	R	A	S	S
F	I	E	■	T	O	E	S	■	T	U	N	E	■	R	O	E
T	E	N	D	E	R	S	■	D	■	R	E	D	E	E	M	S
■	R	■	E	N	■	S	M	I	L	E	■	E	L	■	B	■
C	R	E	S	T	S	■	A	R	E	■	A	R	I	S	E	N
R	A	S	P	■	P	A	T	T	E	R	N	■	M	A	R	E
U	■	T	O	■	A	C	U	■	R	U	T	■	I	T	■	E
S	P	O	T	■	T	E	R	M	I	N	I	■	N	A	R	D
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P	E	W	■	O	N	C	E	■	H	E	R	A	■	R	E	T
E	L	A	N	D	■	H	A	R	E	M	■	S	T	O	R	E
C	■	R	E	E	V	E	S	■	R	A	T	T	A	N	■	A
S	T	E	E	L	■	S	T	U	D	S	■	S	I	S	A	L

Answer to Puzzle No. 11

1

2

What Becomes of All Those People You Read About in the Daily Papers? Give Your Memory a Test

3 ©H. & E.

4

CELEBRITIES *of* YESTERDAY

By Frederick Halsey

Each of the Persons Whose Numbered Portraits Appear on This Page Was Prominently and Repeatedly Referred to in the Newspapers Only a Short Time Ago. How Many Can You Identify?

THERE are two things which should make mere man realize how small and unimportant he is; looking through a telescope at the Milky Way, and discovering how quickly the world forgets him—no matter what he does. Unfortunately a lot of fellows whose names are spread over the front pages of the newspapers one day try to live all the rest of their lives as if they belong on the front page, even though a day later they are given three lines next to the obituary column.

The rapidity with which the public forgets the once prominent is appalling. I'll wager not one in ten thousand readers can tell who it was rode the white horse down the valley ahead of the Johnstown flood, and probably nine out of ten would say:

"Oh, Johnstown? Did they have a flood there?"

I know a man who thinks Henry George was a cigar, and another that Chaliapin has something to do with the movies. The other day I wanted to learn something about the plans and the whereabouts of Miss Maude Adams, and knowing that after her retirement from the stage she became interested in moving picture photography, called up the information bureau of one of the largest movie producers in the world.

"Can you tell me," I inquired, "whether Miss Maude Adams is in the city and how I may communicate with her or her agent?"

"Who?" The tone was indifferent and uninterested.

"Miss Maude Adams."

"We haven't anyone of that name working in our companies."

"I mean *Miss Maude Adams*," I repeated.

"Never heard of her; we've got a Marie Adams——"

Which convinced me that the old adage, *Sic transit gloria mundi*—which, being translated, means, "they forget you the moment you're out of sight"—good centuries ago, is applicable today, tomorrow, and for all time.

IF you don't believe it, see how many of the following questions you can answer:

1—Who was the Bobbed-Haired Bandit?
2—What was the name of Harvard's boy prodigy?
3—Whom did the Alabama delegation vote for in the Democratic convention?
4—Who was John T. King, and with what national figure was he identified?
5—Who was the "Queen of the Bootleggers"?
6—Who was the first woman member of Congress?
7—What industry has changed from the twelve to the eight hour day?
8—What did General Wood's son do that created a sensation?
9—Who was Walter S. Ward?
10—What United States Senator committed suicide?
11—What was the name of Harry M. Daugherty's right-hand man who killed himself?
12—What is the man who was known as the ace of American aviators doing?
13—Who now owns Longfellow's Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts?
14—Who is the imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan?
15—What was the Little Green House on K Street?
16—What is the basic principle of the new immigration law?
17—How many ballots did the Democratic convention take to nominate Davis?
18—What American was appointed head of the Reparations Commission under the Dawes plan?
19—Who gained international fame through the discovery of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb and what became of him?
20—What railroad president was killed while horseback riding?
21—What Northern boy was whipped to death by a gang boss in a Florida convict lumber camp?
22—What American tried to kidnap Grover Bergdoll and what happened to him?
23—How was the anthracite coal strike of the fall of 1923 settled?
24—Who was the Ku Klux cyclops who figured in the Mer Rouge, Louisiana, case and what happened to him?
25—What were the Bureau of Printing cases in Washington?
26—What governor of New York was impeached and for what reason?
27—What was the result of the international schooner race between Bluenose and Columbia?
28—Who offered a prize for the best plan for bringing world peace and who won it?
29—Who was the organizer of the Piggly Wig-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

5

6

7

8

9

10

All Photos from Paul Thompson.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

gly stores and what happened to him?

30—To whom was the Republican nomination for Vice President offered before Dawes was nominated?

31—What brothers combined five great railroads into one system?

32—Who won the Marathon race at the last Olympic games?

33—Where is Teapot Dome?

34—How many American aviators completed the world flight?

35—How many destroyers were lost on the rocks on the Pacific Coast in one great disaster in 1923?

36—What are the Muscle Shoals and whose bid for them was withdrawn?

37—Why is Herrin, Illinois, notorious?

38—How did the word fundamentalist come into common use?

39—What was the name of the boy murdered by Leopold and Loeb?

40—What airship survived an all-night battle with a hurricane?

41—What is the name of the oil reservation a prominent oil magnate is charged with obtaining unfairly from the government?

42—Who is Dr. Alexander Meikeljohn?

43—What innovation was used by the robbers who held up a train at Rondout, Illinois, and stole three million dollars?

44—Why was a former Governor of Texas removed from office and who is the Governor-elect?

45—What play has broken all records for runs, and who wrote it?

46—What play was selected as winner of the Pulitzer prize for 1924?

47—Which horse won the Kentucky Derby last year?

48—Where did the mine disaster in which one hundred and seventy-three miners perished take place?

49—What two American prelates were recently created cardinals?

50—What famous college president assailed prohibition?

51—What was the name of the nobleman who was secretly married last year to the daughter of a New York multimillionaire?

52—Who nominated Calvin Coolidge for the Presidency?

53—Who was captain of Yale's championship crew of 1924?

YOU may make the front page, brother, but unless you stay there every day for a long time don't expect people to remember you at all.

I have a friend, for instance, who says he never can be happy again until he knows what has become of the boy who was first in the line to buy tickets to the first world's series game. That boy had his hour, or maybe one edition, of fame, and perhaps never will be heard from again, for some other boy beat him to the head of the line the next day.

The questions I have listed are not about people and events which appeared in the newspapers only once—most of the names or events were printed again and again, for days, weeks, and months during the last year. Some were printed frequently for more than two years, as events occurred or the men and women came into the news.

Yet it is probable not one person in a hundred will be able to answer two dozen of the questions correctly.

That should prove it is foolish for us to get any sense of inflation because we may achieve prominence for a little time. It's great to be up there.

THIS always reminds me of my friend Corwin, long ago, in the days when we were broke and happy—and nothing worried us.

There was a fellow named Wes in the crowd; a chronic borrower who owed everyone. On one evening we all were stony and waiting hopefully for someone with a dollar to appear when the word came that Wes was in the gambling house, winning all the money in the world.

The creditors began to gather in the restaurant downstairs, waiting near the bar for Wes to appear. Scouts slipped upstairs and returned to announce in awed voices that Wes was twelve hundred dollars ahead and still winning. The creditors expected a hundred cents on the dollar, perhaps more. The stacks of checks around Wes grew until an excited scout fell downstairs to announce that Wes was eighteen hundred dollars winner and was cashing in.

A few minutes later he came down and was given a royal welcome.

"Luck turned at last—open wine," he ordered.

The bar boy opened wine, and we toasted the winner, who shoved a bill across the bar and, with a quick flank movement, escaped by the side door, saying:

"Got an important date—see you fellows later."

Corwin gazed sadly after the disappearing Wes, and shook his head.

"There's one thing certain," he said, sadly. "We may never be up where he is; but he'll be back where we are."

Now turn to page 54 and see how nearly right you were in your replies to Mr. Halsey's questions. The answers are all there, together with the names of the persons pictured on page 49.

Style and Spirit Mark the Little Misses' Wear

by Corinne Lowe

THAT one is never too young to learn the style value of the flare is the text of this coat for the girl of from four to seven. Of gray suede cloth trimmed with gray squirrel.

THE most exemplary of four-year-olds can surely ask for no greater reward than a coat of checked camel's hair twill with a fringed scarf collar.

THIRTY or thirty-five years ago children were subject to more than growing pains. They were constant sufferers from clothes pains. Who that shared the penalties of that era can forget the pangs inflicted by either the Lord Fauntleroy suit or the Kate Greenaway frock?

Today the clothes of small girls and boys are planned so that individuality is obtained at the expense of no trusting childish heart. For, however original may be materials and trimming touches, the creation conforms with some general creed concerning juvenile modes.

Up until the age of six the small girl's wardrobe consists mainly of wash frocks. It is only when we come to the coats designed for this period that we find any variety of sentiment. Then only does the small tot come in for her dividend of the prevailing flares, scarf collars, Directoire details, and other largesse of adult modes.

Typical of our present-day spirit are the wraps sketched, respectively, at the left and right top. At the left is a very "dress-up" coat for the girl of from four to seven. It is made of gray suede cloth trimmed with matching squirrel and exploits energetically the prevailing flare. For early spring wear this model may be transposed into faille or some other lighter material.

Or, if you are one of those mothers who believe that a child is never too young to learn sophisticated dressing, you may convert the wrap just described into part of an ensemble costume by making to go with it a little crêpe frock of either matching or harmonizing color. One might suggest a pastel blue or a light rose with finely plaited skirt dropping from unplaited yoke. The coat would then be lined with the dress fabric.

FOR the more practical hours of the girl from four to six is the little checked coat at the right. The straight line, the checks, and the scarf collar all represent modish thoughts.

From the time a girl is six or seven she begins to share in the chic of the two-piece model. Gone is the old-fashioned middy and in its place we find the blouse with fitted hip band, cuffed sleeves, and other details borrowed from the grown-ups.

AS to the skirt, this echoes loyally more mature observances by side flares, groups of plaits in the front or an inverted plait down the center. Washable flannel and checked camel's hair twill are both widely used for such skirts and for whole two-piece costumes.

More original in idea is the two-piece frock on this page designed for the girl of from ten to fourteen, for in its laced front and scallops the blouse borrows luster from the jerkin of Peter Pan. This play, revived last year, is responsible, in fact, for various new juvenile models, including the saucy felt hat with the feather at the side. This frock may be developed in jersey, camel's hair twill, plain twill, or kasha.

NINE-TO-TWELVE should lack for no dance partners when she wears a soft pink georgette with four loose panels on the skirt, each of which is edged with self-fabric ruchings, encountered again at the neck line. Another dance frock for the girl of the same age is in pale orchid crêpe de Chine appliquéd with flowers in a deeper tone and surrounded by green leaves.

MISS FOURTEEN will love this creation of cocoa-colored twill with the slashed and laced upper section typical of Peter Pan. The collar is also slashed.

TUNICS, PLAITS, AND BUTTONS VIE FOR FASHION HONORS

By PATRICIA

THE unquestioned popularity of the tunic has brought forth this new mode in many guises. In accord with the tunic vogue is design No. 2262. The long, well-fitted sleeve is suggested for the woman whose arm may not be her best feature. Short sleeves are also provided in the pattern, which comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 5 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅛ yard 22-inch for the collar.

Reps, a fine twill, kasha, or wool crêpe would make up nicely in this style for general wear. Crêpe satin, bengaline, and flat crêpes would be attractive for a dress for better wear.

The new epaulet shoulder cuts in one with the sleeves of design No. 2291, which exploits the popular use of buttons for trimming. Flannels in plaids and checks are most attractive. Plain flannels are just as smart.

Pattern No. 2291 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 42-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

The tailored jauntiness of the button-down-the-front dress has made it a most popular one. Like many of the latest designs, this dress (No. 2223) goes unbelted, with the surplus fullness at the waist held in by three buttons and corresponding loops each side.

Tan kasha plaided in brown, red, blue, and green would be very good looking for style No. 2223, the patterns for which are cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅜ yards 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard 27-inch contrasting. You'll also like it in taupe bengaline or navy blue twill.

A version of the popular button-down-the-front dress is shown in design No. 2276. It is made of striped wool and boasts a panel of plain material. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅛ yards of 42-inch material, with 1½ yards of 22-inch contrasting.

The surplice closing is clung to persistently, undoubtedly because of its becomingness. Design No. 2275 follows the popular surplice lines and in addition employs plaits at the sides of the skirt to add a graceful width.

Dark blue or black flat crêpe, with collar and cuffs of crêpe in that new burnt shade, would make a most attractive dress. Crêpe satin or fine twill is another pleasing possibility.

Dress pattern No. 2275 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard 27-inch black for trimming, and ¼ yard 8-inch white material for the vest.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

FAT *as* FOOD *and as a* COOKING MEDIUM

By
ETHEL M. SOMERS

ETHEL M. SOMERS, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THE chill winter air stimulates our appetites. We spread butter thicker on our bread; we call for coffee and doughnuts. In short, we crave concentrated energy-giving foods. Foods cooked in fat are quite generally popular in a winter diet.

Sautéd and fried foods, properly cooked and in moderation, are permissible. Carefully cooked French fried potatoes, for example, may be safely relished with the fish dinner because it lacks fat. Fat-soaked French fried potatoes or sautéd potatoes are hazardous, particularly if eaten with sautéd chops or other fatty foods.

A chief reason for tabooing foods cooked in fat which is too hot, is that it decomposes when heated to a high temperature. The products of this decomposition—free fatty acids—are irritating to our digestive systems.

Deep fat frying is to be recommended in place of sautéing (which is browning in a small quantity of fat) as then there is less absorption of the fat. Careful regulation of the temperature in heating the fat will minimize both the decomposition and the absorption of fat. Thorough draining on an absorbent paper will dispose of the surplus fat.

Cooking in fat is common. Superior fat cooking is exceptional. Exact fat cooking is possible only when a thermometer is used.

Sugared doughnuts, ready to tempt the appetite. Above—Using the rosette iron in cooking timbales.

Doughnuts

2 eggs
3 tablespoons fat, melted
1½ cups sweet milk or 1½ cups sour milk
6 teaspoons baking powder or 1½ teaspoons baking powder with 2-3 teaspoon soda
1½ cups sugar
6 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon nutmeg

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the beaten eggs, milk, vanilla, and melted fat. Mix these liquids lightly into the dry ingredients. Shape into a ball and knead in enough extra flour to prevent the dough from sticking to the board. The softer the dough is handled, the nicer the doughnuts will be. Roll out the dough to one-half inch thickness and use a cutter to shape.

Drop (or rather slide so as not to splash the fat) into deep fat which registers 365 to 375° F., or which is hot enough to brown a one-half inch cube of white bread in forty seconds. The doughnuts should rise quickly. Turn as soon as they rise and leave this side down until brown. Turn back to brown the first side. Remove when browned and drain on paper. The whole process should take three and one-half to four minutes.

If the fat is too hot the doughnuts will be too brown in three to three and one-fourth minutes and will be somewhat heavy or even raw on the inside. If the fat is too cool, the doughnuts will take five to six minutes to brown and will have absorbed fat, giving a deep, greasy crust. Doughnuts with such a crust are a very undesirable food.

TO SUGAR DOUGHNUTS: Put powdered sugar in a box or bag and put four or five of the cooled doughnuts at a time into the bag. Shake until coated with sugar.

CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUTS: Add three ounces of melted chocolate to the dough as you mix it or sift one-third cup cocoa with the dry ingredients. Cinnamon should be used with the chocolate in place of the nutmeg.

Fritters

1 cup milk
1½ to 1¾ cups flour
1 tablespoon fat
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar, if a sweet batter is desired

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the liquids. Mix these lightly into the dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat, 300 to 360° F., or until a small cube of bread browns in fifty seconds. When the fritters are a golden brown, remove with a skimmer and drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, if desired.

CORN FRITTERS are made by using the smaller quantity of flour and the unsweetened batter, and adding two cups of drained, canned corn or, in season, corn cut from the cob.

BANANA *or* APPLE FRITTERS are made by dipping bananas or slices of apple into the sweetened fritter batter and frying in deep fat, 360° F.

Rosettes or Timbales

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat
1 cup milk
1 egg

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the beaten eggs, melted fat, and milk. Add to the dry ingredients and beat until smooth with an egg beater. Heat the timbale or rosette iron for about three minutes in deep fat at 374 to 392° F. Drain the iron and dip, while hot, into the batter. Be careful not to dip it in so deep that the top of the iron is covered. If the iron is the right temperature, a layer of batter will adhere to it and will fry slightly before it is put into the hot fat. (If the iron is too hot the cases will blister and drop from the iron. If it is too cold, they will be greasy.) Drain off any dripping batter from the iron and immerse in the deep fat until well browned. Serve hot from the fat or heat in a moderate oven five to ten minutes.

Potato or Saratoga Chips

6 potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

WASH and pare the potatoes. Slice in thin slices into cold water. Drain and plunge into a kettle of boiling water for one minute. Drain well, blanch in cold water, dry on a clean towel. Put the potatoes in a wire basket and fry in deep hot fat at 385° F. Keep in motion by shaking the basket during the frying process. Drain on paper and season with salt and pepper. Serve hot or cold.

Fried Sweet Potatoes

6 potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

WASH and pare the potatoes. Cut into quarters. Parboil for eight minutes in boiling water. Drain well and dry on a clean towel. Immerse in deep fat at 375° F. until browned (about fourteen minutes). Better results will be obtained if, after ten minutes of frying, the potatoes are removed for one minute and then returned for the remaining four minutes.

Fried Bananas

6 bananas
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
Crumbs

PEEL and scrape bananas to remove all strings. Mix the unbeaten egg and milk by heating slightly. Roll the banana in the egg mixture and then in crumbs. Fry in hot fat, 375° F., for three minutes. Serve hot with meats or with a sweet sauce as dessert.

Fish Balls

1 cup shredded codfish
4 small potatoes
1 egg
½ tablespoon butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper

WASH and pare the potatoes and cook them whole in gently boiling water with the fish, which has been washed and shredded. When the potatoes are tender, drain well and dry out by shaking over the fire. Mash and add the other ingredients. Beat until fluffy and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, 375° F. Fry until brown. Drain on paper and serve hot with white or cheese sauce.

Breaded Meats

ALL breaded chops, meats, or fish may advantageously be fried in deep fat at 375° F.

Bread Puffs

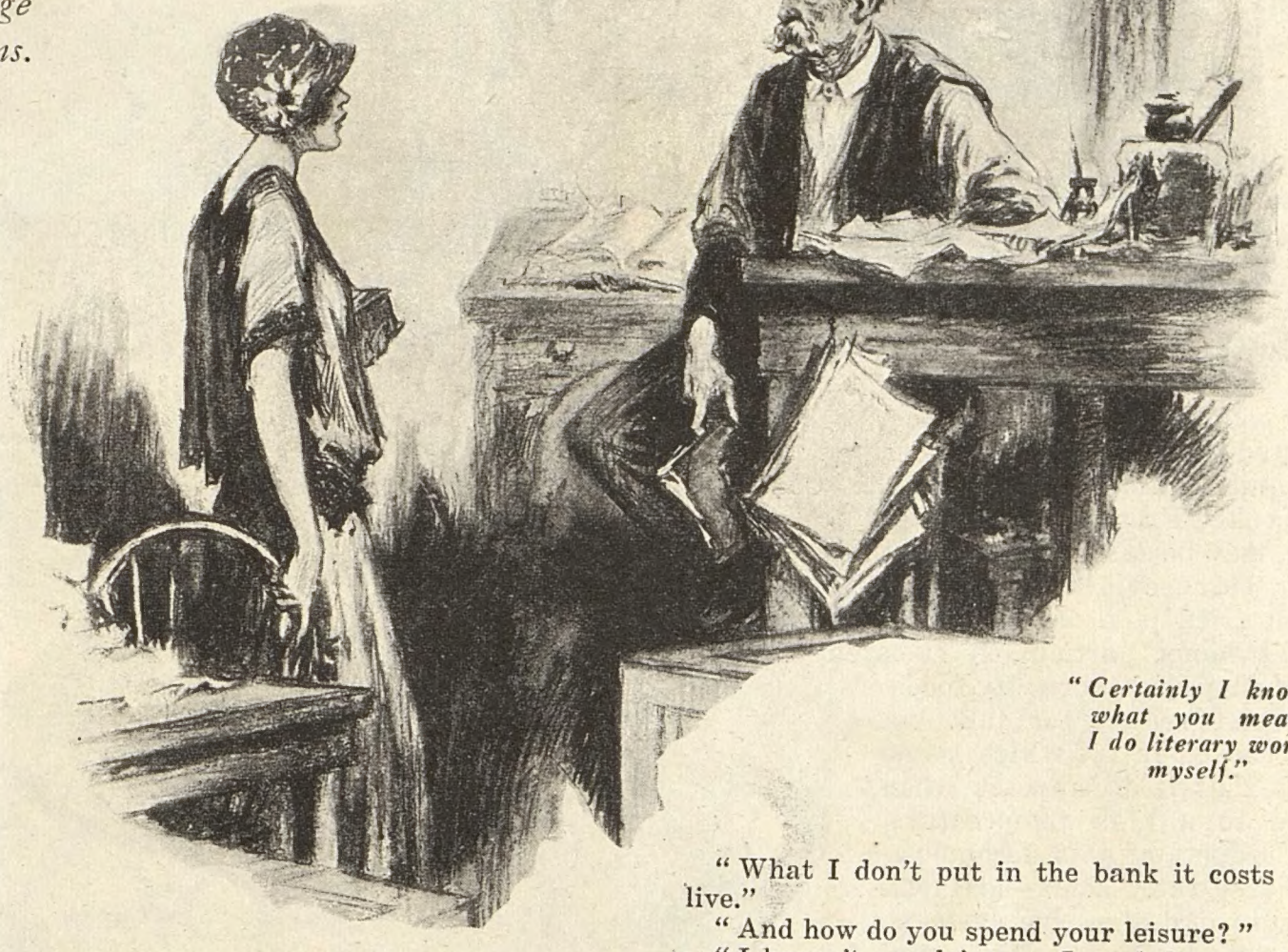
ROLL a leavened bread dough after the first rising to a ½ inch thickness. Cut into one-inch squares. Allow these to rise until very light. Drop into hot fat, 360 to 370° F. When browned on one side, turn and brown on the other. Drain on paper. Serve cold or hot with salad or soup.

INTERVIEWING *the* INSIGNIFICANT

"People Who Are in a Hurry Always Seem to Be Rushed," Says Joe Holmes, the Sage Shipping Clerk with Literary Aspirations.

By LILLIAN DAY

Picture by Raeburn Van Buren.



"Certainly I know what you mean. I do literary work myself."

THE elevator jolted to a stop on the fourth floor and I was precipitated into the shirt-sleeved arms of a man whom I took to be the head shipping clerk. He was seedy and unkempt and was demonstrating to an office boy the art of wiping a desk. He proved to be the owner of the business and directed me to Joe's office.

Joe was seated at a little desk in a room scarcely bigger than a closet. He swiveled around as I entered with the gesture of a bank president, except that his swivel chair was a high stool.

"Are you Joe?" I inquired.

"I'm Joe, the shipping clerk." He said this with dignity, as one might say, "I'm Pershing, the general," or, "I'm Atwill, the actor."

He was old, seemed to have been old a long time. Wrinkles crawled over his face. As he talked he stroked his long white mustache.

"I'm the shipping clerk," he repeated.

"I'm a writer," I informed him. "I'm going to interview you, if you know what I mean."

"Certainly I know what you mean. I do literary work myself. I'm the city representative of the Greensborough Bee."

"Is that so? What do you write? What is your favorite topic?"

"One at a time, please, one at a time," he admonished. "I keep tabs on the former Greensborough inhabitants in the city and report when they die. It's easy, but it must be accurate."

"Do you ever make mistakes?"

"Once," he said, sadly. "His family came down for the funeral and he met them at the station. I nearly got fired."

"A man like you must have had ambitions in your time. What were they?"

"I always wanted to be a writer."

"What prevented you?"

"I never could be a writer for a living; my hand gets too tired."

"What do you do with your money, Mr. Holmes?" He had impressed me with his dignity so that I could not say "Joe."

"What I don't put in the bank it costs me to live."

"And how do you spend your leisure?"

"I haven't any leisure. I work here early and late. It seems there are always things that have to be swept up. And I don't like to work fast. Rome wasn't built in a week. People who are in a hurry always seem to be rushed. If you live slower, you live longer."

"Joe!" came the thunderous voice of the office manager. "When the hell are you going to get those express packages off?"

"You see," Joe smiled as he leisurely dismounted from his stool, "he worries for me."

THE END

Who's Who *and* What's What *in* "Celebrities *of* Yesterday"

HERE are the answers to the questions propounded by Frederick Halsey in his article, Celebrities of Yesterday, on pages 49 and 50:

1—Celia Cooney of Brooklyn, N. Y.
2—William J. Sidis.
3—Oscar Underwood.
4—The man who gave money to William H. Anderson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, according to Anderson's testimony.
5—Gertrude C. Lythgoe.
6—Jeannette Rankin of Montana.
7—The steel industry.
8—Won a fortune by speculation.
9—A New York millionaire baker's son who was accused of murder.
10—Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut.
11—Jess Smith.
12—Manufacturing automobiles.
13—Henry Ford.
14—Hiram Wesley Evans.
15—The house in Washington where Attorney General Daugherty and his friends met.
16—Limited to two per cent of the foreign-born population of the United States in 1890.
17—One hundred and three.
18—Owen D. Young.
19—Howard Carter. He quarreled with the Egyptian Government, but settled the difficulties and is planning to resume work.
20—Alfred H. Smith of the New York Central.
21—Martin Tabert of North Dakota.
22—Lieut. Corliss Hooven Griffis. He was tried and imprisoned by Germany, but later released.
23—By the intervention of Gov. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania.
24—"Cap" Skipworth. He was acquitted.
25—Dismissal of old employés by President Harding, resulting in charges of political violation of civil service laws.
26—William Sulzer, on charges of speculating with campaign contributions.
27—Bluenose withdrew and forfeited the race; the American schooner refused to accept the cup by default and the race was called off.
28—Edward W. Bok; Charles W. Levermore.
29—Clarence Saunders of Memphis. He withdrew and the stores passed into other hands.
30—Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.
31—Oris and Mantis Van Sweringen.
32—Oscar A. Stenroos of Finland.
33—In Wyoming.
34—Six.
35—Seven.
36—Rapids in the Tennessee River, partially developed as a power and nitrate plant. Henry Ford's bid was withdrawn.
37—For the slaughter of nonunion miners by strikers and Ku Klux Klan troubles.
38—In disputes between factions of various Protestant churches.
39—Robert Franks.
40—The Shenandoah.
41—Elk Hills, Naval Reserve No. 2.
42—Former president of Amherst.
43—They used gas bombs to overcome the train crew.
44—For alleged misuse of funds. His wife (Mrs. Miriam Ferguson) was elected last autumn.
45—Abie's Irish Rose; Anne Nichols.
46—Hell-Bent fer Heaven.
47—Black Gold.
48—Near Castlegate, Utah.
49—Archbishops Patrick J. Hayes and George W. Mundelein.
50—Nicholas Murray Butler.
51—Count Salm von Hoogstraeten.
52—Marion Leroy Burton, president of the University of Michigan.
53—James Stillman Rockefeller

The persons in the numbered pictures on page 49 are:

1—Celia Cooney, the Bobbed-Haired Bandit.
2—Howard Carter, discoverer of the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen.
3—Senator Frank Brandegee, who committed suicide.
4—Gertude C. Lythgoe, the Queen of the Bootleggers.
5—Hiram Wesley Evans, imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.
6—Senator Underwood of Alabama.
7—Lieut. Corliss Hooven Griffis, who tried to kidnap Bergdoll.
8—William J. Sidis, Harvard's boy prodigy.
9—Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the first woman member of Congress.
10—William Sulzer, impeached former Governor of New York.

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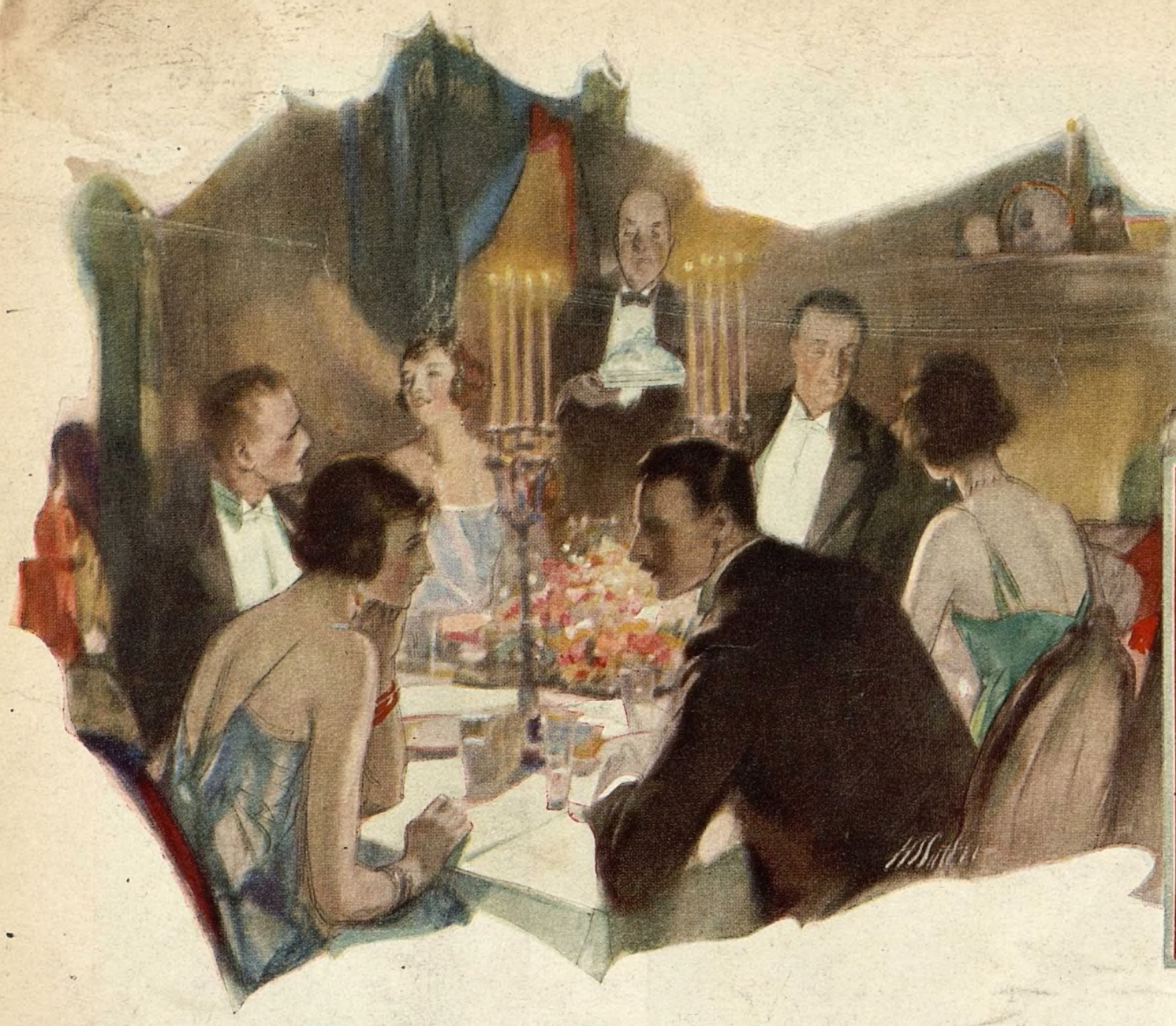

HASTY EATING *must share the blame for the troubles we have with our gums. For hasty eating, like soft food, robs the gums of wholesome stimulation.*

Party Food or Peasant Fare

—*which is better for your gums?*

CONSIDERING how little care he devotes to them, the peasant's teeth are in marvelous condition. He eats rough, coarse food which gives his gums plenty of exercise, and his gums are, therefore, firm and healthy.

But this soft, modern food which we eat, these creamy, delicious things which form so great a part of our diet, rob our gums of that blood-rousing stimulation they need to remain in health.

"Pink toothbrush" —look out for it!

As a result of long years of eating soft food, our gums grow soft, flabby, congested. The toothbrush begins to "show pink"—a warning of trouble to come.

The dentists of America are awake to this situation. Specialists in troubles of the gums tell us that, desirable as it is to keep the surface of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough. We must make the care of our gums a part of our daily routine.

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